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JUNE 8, 1973

NR

NATIONAL REVIEW

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on Watergate

WHO KILLED LIN PIAO?

A Reconstruction by Charles J. V. Murphy

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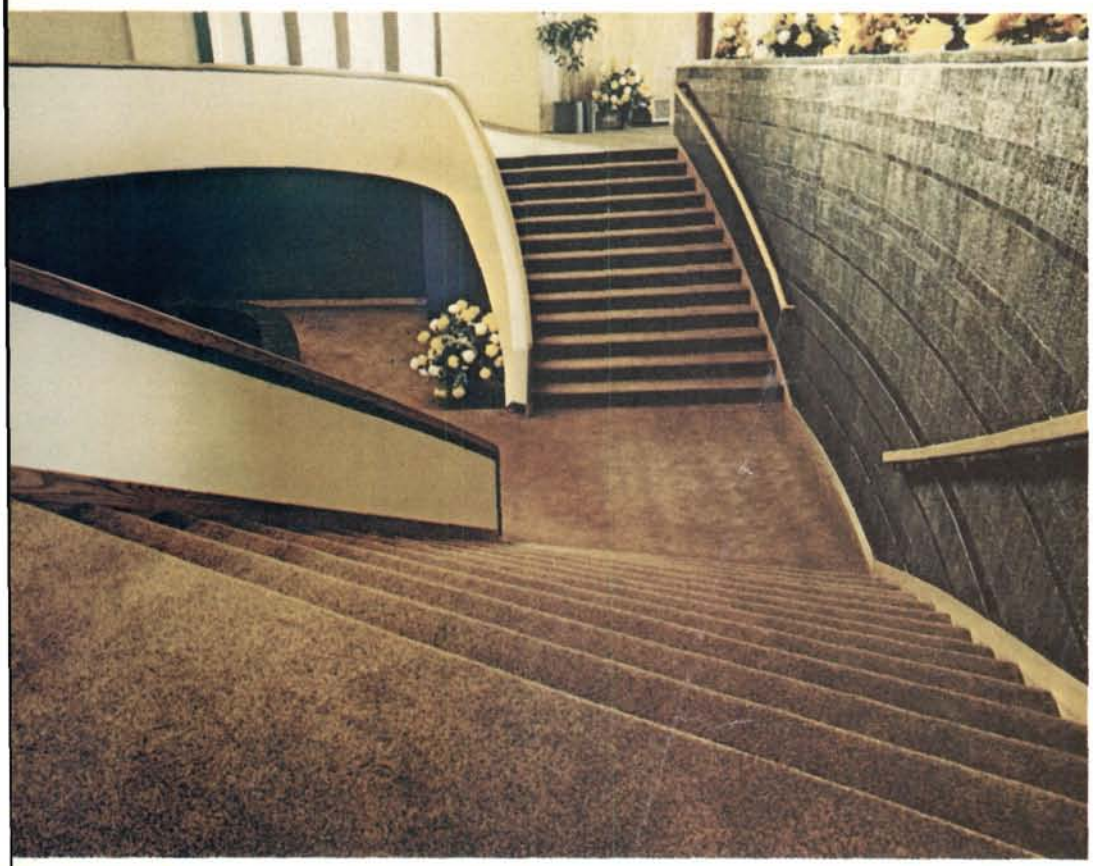

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369 PAGES • INDEX • NOTES

NEW PREFACE BY THE AUTHOR

THOMAS MOLNAR

The Decline of the Intellectual

The word is that we are living in the most intellectually sophisticated age in history. The best of all possible intellectual worlds.

But Thomas Molnar, professor of French literature at Brooklyn College and noted author, here punctures this myth and indicts the intellectual for betraying his vocation and reducing the West to disarray. He digs to the roots of the intellectual's alienation and sounds a warning: unless the decline is halted, the genuine intellectual faces extinction. In fact, with the intellectual's abdication to the Computer and the Kids, his extinction may be at hand.

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- the threat posed by "Americanization"
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Letters

Sex on Campus

While I agree with Francis Russell's objections to a university sponsoring Maoist propaganda ["Maoism and Sex at Princeton," May 11], I cannot agree that the sole function of the university is to impart knowledge, on a formal level, to its students. A university is a social institution and does not exist in a moral vacuum. It is founded on values, beliefs, and traditions that must be actively defended and transmitted by the institutional life of society in its political, religious, and educative dimensions, and the university itself must play a role in this defense and transmission if it is to continue to perform its educational functions.

The pamphlet in question—it is being distributed at my university too—presents sexuality as a purely physiological and anatomical phenomenon. It suggests that legal, moral, and social sanctions on sexual behavior are unjustly repressive of sensual pleasure. That these ideas of sex are at odds with the traditional morals and beliefs of America and the West is surely obvious. But what is not obvious, at least to Mr. Russell, is that, should the ideas and attitudes of the "Birth Control Handbook" gain currency, not only traditional morality but also the functioning and role of the university will suffer.

Can anyone seriously doubt that the university is founded on the idea that certain instincts (among them, sex) must be restrained and disciplined—by custom, by law, and by reason—if the life of reason is to be protected and advanced? And can anyone believe that a university that (like Mr. Russell apparently) regards skating rinks and dormitories as being on the same plane as the sanctions and values that govern sexual behavior will continue to have the respect of its society and to play a valuable educational role within that society?

Chapel Hill, N.C. SAMUEL T. FRANCIS

Counterpeople

Jeffrey Hart's comments about the countergovernment and its relationship to the Ellsberg and Watergate fiascos are eminently cogent ["The Week," May 11]. The Watergate operatives "viewed the McGovernites as profoundly hostile" he writes, "and they used against them the clandestine tactics usually reserved for actual warfare." Professor Hart skillfully suggests how the behavior of the McGovern movement brought about such attitudes—how its "countergovernment denies the legitimacy of the actual government, and employs every means at its command —legal and illegal—to frustrate its policies." Of course this is stretching it a bit: Only a daring few, on the fringes with which McGovern-types identify emotionally, use *all* available means; still, the fundamental point—the disloyalty of the opposition—remains.

The question of disloyalty, however, Professor Hart will touch only by indirection. It is, after all, unpopular to suggest that a strong movement can in some degree contain elements that are disloyal; and the emotional heat generated by intellectuals whenever the subject is broached has sufficed to prevent a serious evaluation of it. Nonetheless, a serious evaluation of the recent tensions in American politics should be undertaken, and should include a serious appraisal of the extent to which the New Left and antiwar movements—and the politicians who have identified with those movements, including McCarthy and McGovern—have been guilty of disloyalty.

Princeton, N.J. IRA L. STRAUS

Fan Mail

D. Keith Mano is one of America's best practitioners of the occult craft of "column-writing." With only ten fingers, he actually manipulates fifty "typewriter keys," including the notoriously tricky "shift lock." So glad he put his talents to use demolishing third-rate imported culture of the Bunraku variety ["The Gimlet Eye," May 25]. Rovery, perfectry rovery!

Ottumwa, Iowa MAYBELLE GRIMES

No to Sharing

I must comment on John Chamberlain's analysis and approval of the recently negotiated steel workers contract based on "productivity sharing" ["Should the Unions Agree To Give Up Strikes," May 11]. Productivity sharing—the paying of higher wages out of the extra income resulting from increases in productivity—such as Mr. Chamberlain discusses, and other

(Continues on page 611)

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IN THIS ISSUE . . .

. . . We try to illustrate a few dark corners of recent Chinese history. As the glow of detente brightens, and important discussions between the United States and Communist China impend—trade and economic relations; exchanges of newsmen, scientists, and whatnot; the future of Asia—Americans may well wonder what's going on in China and who's in charge. Just a short while ago, Lin Piao was Chairman Mao's "close comrade in arms and successor" and the crushing of American imperialism was just around the corner. Then suddenly Richard Nixon was coming to visit, and Lin was nowhere to be seen. Months later, foreigners were told what the Chinese people still haven't been—that Lin perished in a plane crash while fleeing to the Soviet Union after his plot to replace Mao failed. **Charles J. V. Murphy** tells not the whole story, but as much of it as can be pieced together from official and clandestine sources inside China. The demise of Lin, he concludes, was part of an effort by Mao and Chou En-lai to regain the control of the army they lost during the Cultural Revolution. That effort is still under way; if it fails and the army takes the bit in its teeth, so much for detente with the U.S. Mr. Murphy retired recently after 34 years with Time, Inc. during which he wrote for *Life*, served on *Fortune*'s Board of Editors, helped the Duke of Windsor write his memoirs, blew the whistle on J. Robert Oppenheimer for going slow on our development of the H-bomb, covered Chiang Kai-shek's return from Chungking, and almost wrote a book with Whittaker Chambers (who withdrew, saying he had something more important to do, and went off to expose Alger Hiss). Mr. Murphy is off to Paris next month, to do a piece for *Fortune*. . . . In our book section, seven reviewers take on nine new novels. . . . **James Burnham** is cruising the Aegean, so "The Protracted Conflict" does not appear this issue.

—CHS

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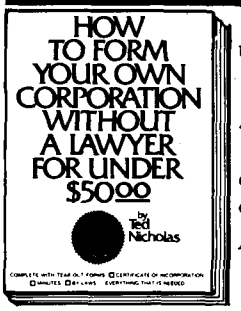

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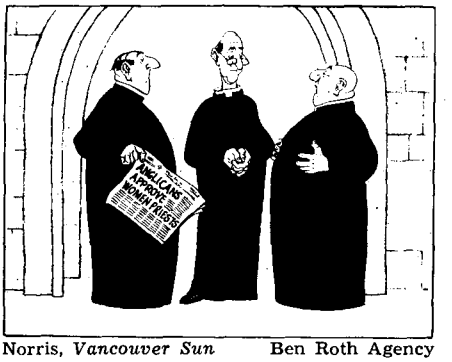
FOR THE RECORD

■ The far Left, in the slough of despond since Ceasefire Day, has found a new battle cry: "**Impeach Nixon.**" **Anthony Russo**, of the Pentagon Papers case, addressed a rally at the brand-new Los Angeles Impeachment Information Center and said, "The most important matter before the nation now is how to get rid of Richard Nixon as President." Russo then rushed to Chicago to address founding convention of **Angela Davis**' new National Organization To Combat Racist and Political Repression and told it: "The need is for a grass-roots movement to stop, not crime in the streets, but crime in the suites." (**Ralph Abernathy** was unable to attend: because, according to *People's World*, "of his arrest in Atlanta in a civil-rights battle.") . . . May 22 saw an Impeach Nixon rally at the Capitol, organized by **Women Strike for Peace**, the **National Organization of Women**, among others. It was addressed by Democratic congressmen **Bella Abzug** ("[the White House] has been taken over by a bunch of arrogant ruling devils") and Black Caucus member **Walter Fauntroy** of Washington, D.C. Mrs. Abzug pointed out proudly that not a single woman has been implicated in Watergate and commented, not so proudly, that perhaps it was because women had "very little opportunity of being corrupted by power." . . . The **ADA**, at its national convention, held back from impeachment but, by voice vote, called for Richard Nixon's resignation. Some ADAers however not so happy at the vote, among them Sen. **Walter Mondale** and **Sissy Farenthold** of Texas, newly elected head of the National Women's Political Caucus. . . . Leftist Congressman **Don Edwards** (D., Calif.) told the press he doesn't want Nixon to resign—unless **Agnew** does too.

■ Watergate Sidebars: Former French counterintelligence chief **Robert Wybot**



Norris, *Vancouver Sun* Ben Roth Agency

"Frankly . . . I just can't see them going for this outfit."

neither shocked nor surprised by Watergate. He reveals that several of the Fourth Republic governments not only bugged the headquarters of the opposition Socialist Party but also the hotel suite of le grand Charles himself. . . . Convicted Watergate defendant **G. Gordon Liddy** has been barred from practicing law in New York State. The Bar Association refused to accept Liddy's resignation, insisted on disbarment. . . . **Teddy White** facing deadline, working feverishly to get Watergate material into his *The Making of a President 1972*, due out in August. . . . Berkeley will bring out *The Impeachment of Richard Nixon* by Leonard Lurie next month; other quickies are in the works.

■ Not too well received: 1) Nixon's suggestion for a bipartisan **Commission on Campaign Reforms**. Democrats like the attention of the nation focused right where it is; see no need to divert attention from Watergate itself to the Commission. . . . 2) Nixon's suggestion of a one-term, six-year Presidency ("isn't that what he's got?" was one comment). Sen. **Mike Mansfield** introduced a constitutional amendment to that effect but the pros say it won't get anywhere. . . . Both **CBS** and **NBC** report daytime audiences off by a third in the first two days of live coverage of the Ervin Committee Watergate probe.

■ Europe is mobilizing against international terrorism. The Consultative Assembly of the 17-nation **Council of Europe** has called for the foreign ministers of the member states to meet and discuss ways of combating it. . . . New toughness toward terrorists probably one reason why French Interior Minister **Raymond Marcellin** has refused to grant **Eldridge Cleaver** political asylum. Cleaver, who has lived in Algiers for years, but who is now out of favor with Col. **Boumedienne**, has slipped out of sight. . . . **Chile** has a novel solution for its runaway inflation: It is issuing a bigger banknote, the country's first 1,000 escudo bill (worth $9).

■ It's costing American air travelers 59¢ a ride for security precautions, but it's working, says Transportation Secretary **Claude Brinegar**. There have been no domestic hijackings in 1973 he points out (there were 31 in 1972 before the new screening measures were instituted). . . . Another first for space technology. Evidence in a pollution case (the charge is that a paper company is polluting **Lake Champlain**) will include a photograph taken by an American satellite. . . . **NASA** is planning a 200th birthday present for the nation: Instruments aboard a Viking spacecraft to be launched in the fall of 1975 are scheduled to land on Mars on July 4, 1976.

■ **Anita Loos** (*Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, the new musical version of which, *Lorelei*, has opened in Washington) thinks Women's Lib is all wet: "They keep getting up on soapboxes and proclaiming that women are brighter than men," said the eighty-year-old Miss Loos in a birthday interview. "That's true, but it should be kept very very quiet or it ruins the whole racket."

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forms such as the wage guideposts of the Kennedy Administration, are based on the notion that an industry or firm ought to raise wages rather than lower prices when increases in productivity (resulting largely from the introduction of capital equipment and labor-saving production methods) reduce costs. Such a policy is, and has long been known to be, economically unsound.

There are three major reasons:

First, if a firm's productivity increases and it pays higher wages a precedent is set for wage settlements industrywide that less efficient firms may not be able to pay. If forced to pay rather than cease operating, those firms must lay off workers as wages rise.

Second, the increased wages paid to workers covered by a productivity sharing plan reduce the ability of firms to pay other labor groups, thereby reducing demand for this other labor and diminishing the employment and income of these labor groups.

Third, and most important, productivity sharing prevents increases in profit rates, thus greater productivity is not able to attract greater investment, allocation of resources is not consistent with production efficiency, economic resources are misallocated (they are not invested in the most productive industries), total productivity does not grow and prices do not fall. Fritz Machlup, in *The Political Economy of Monopoly*, discusses these points and concludes: "An increase in national income would have been brought about through the allocation of resources under the stimulus of the supernormal profits, but it is precluded as a result of the seizure of the profits through the successful collective bargaining."

To the objection that productivity sharing is a more rational method of determining wage increases than a contest of bargaining power, there is a simple answer. Collective bargaining decisions, made within a competitive system, must reflect economic reality. Wages will rise and fall as determined by supply and demand. Real wages will rise when greater productivity is implemented by efficient allocation of resources. Productivity sharing and wage guideposts impose income-limiting constraints on the operation of a market economy.

Indian Mills, N.J. TIMOTHY G. SCHILLER

Abortion Feedback

Professor Noonan's brilliant critique and analysis of the Supreme Court's *Wade* decision ["Raw Judicial Power," March 2] deserves the highest praise from those of us who, being so stunned by it, can only say enough to denounce it as the most perverse decision in the history of the United States Constitution.

Santa Rosa, Calif. J. ROSS CARTER

There is an aspect of the abortion issue, entirely overlooked in John T. Noonan's treatment of the matter, which ought to give conservatives thoughtful pause. The key moral issue is this: In situations where one person's survival absolutely depends upon actions by other men, may the endangered individual properly demand these services as his *right*, i.e., independent of, and perhaps in conflict with, the will of the donor? One's attitude to abortion will be determined by one's answer to this wider question.

But the resolution of the problem would seem readily to follow from the normative principle which conservatives have predicated as the necessary keystone of a free society—namely, that any transfer of values between men must involve the voluntary consent of both parties. Conservatives have generally held that this principle is not affected by the relative importance of the value to one's own survival, thus the consent of the donor of values is required just as much in survival situations as in any other. And so it would follow, that a woman's consent should be necessary in the provision of a value—nurture—to her unborn child, up until the time when she can be replaced in this function by other consenting persons, i.e., when the fetus is *independently* viable. Prof. Noonan's formulation of this matter, that a fetus at any age *is* viable in the proper environment, viz., a womb, is easily seen to be inapplicable, since it neatly evades the paramount consideration that the source of this particular environment can only be another person. And if the survival of helpless beings in this instance justifies state compulsion of unwilling individuals to supply the requisite needs, how can we as conservatives argue any longer against food stamps? Or free medical care? Or public housing? Or AFDC? One is logically forced either fully to support abortion at the discretion of the mother, or else to waffle on the rest of these matters, too.

Berkeley, Calif. WILLIAM R. HAVENDER

Mr. Noonan Replies

Dr. Havender seems to regard individuals as atoms. On the contrary, I believe that persons have obligations of charity unto one-another and, in addition, assume fiduciary responsibility of which the mother's to her child is paradigmatic.

I wonder if Dr. Havender would disagree with this statement of ordinary Anglo-American law approved by the American Law Institute:

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"On a very cold winter night A, visiting at B's dwelling, is overcome by an attack of illness which leaves him helpless and unable to take care of himself. A is privileged to remain in B's house until arrangements can be made to take him to a place where he will not be exposed to danger from the weather. (*American Law Institute, Restatement of Torts, Second*, St. Paul: American Law Institute Publishers, 1965, sec. 197, illustration D).

Berkeley, Calif. JOHN T. NOONAN JR.

Correction

In the May 11 issue of *NR* there was an otherwise fine book review by Jack Chatfield entitled "Detroit Blues." The subject of the review was William Serrin's recent book, *The Company and the Union*. On page 533, the following paragraph appears:

"When a group of sociologists studied workers in the Hawthorne, Illinois plant of Westinghouse Electric over thirty years ago they discovered that productivity was rising during their study, but they could not establish that fatigue or lighting or the menstrual cycle or humidity or wage incentives or intelligence had a significant effect on productivity. . . ."

Just to give credit where it is due, the landmark "Hawthorne Studies" were conducted over a period of years by Western Electric Company at its main plant in Chicago, the Hawthorne Works. Research was begun in 1927 and culminated in the publication of the book, *Management and the Worker* by F. J. Roethlisberger and W. J. Dickson (Harvard University Press, 1939). This was subsequently amplified by another volume by the same authors, *Counseling in an Organization: A Sequel to the Hawthorne Researches* (Harvard, 1966).

Brooklyn, N.Y. R. J. GREENE

More Choice for Teachers

This letter is a follow-up to Mr. Herbert Berry's correspondence in regard to your editorial "A Choice for Teachers" [Jan. 5]. He mentioned several organizations of teachers who reject compulsory unionism and the agency shop for educators. I think your California readers should know that a statewide organization of professional educators exists here too.

The Professional Educators Group of California includes teachers from all corners of the state; we have associate members from the general public so that we may establish a better legislative advocacy program in Sacramento. We have an excellent working relationship with the Professional Educators of Los Angeles (Mr. Berry mentioned this group, and several of their members also belong to PEG). At this moment, we are in the process of establishing an affiliation with the National Association of Professional Educators.

Riverside, Calif. TIMOTHY C. RILEY
Executive Director, PEG

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THE WEEK

■ A nostalgic look at Phase Zero: In the seven months *before* wage and price controls, consumer prices were rising at an annual rate of 3.8 per cent, wholesale prices at less than 5 per cent. In the 14 months of Phase II, consumer prices rose at a 3.7 per cent rate, wholesale prices at 6.9. In the first three months of Phase III, consumer prices rose at an annual rate of 8.8 per cent, wholesale prices at 21.2 per cent. With this kind of improvement, Phase IV should be able to get consumer price inflation down to 15 per cent, and wholesale inflation down to 25 per cent.

■ Not to be outdone, the Federal Trade Commission is making Hawaiian Punch disclose its fruit-juice content in paid advertising, because the FTC thinks that a drink that advertises itself as "fruit-juicy" ought to have more fruit juice in it than Hawaiian Punch has. A crisis indeed. How much fruit juice should there be in fruit-juicy punch? What does the Constitution have to say about it? If there is enough fruit juice in the punch to kill the taste of FTC vodka, isn't that enough to kill FTC junkets to Hawaii? Is Juicy Fruit gum next?

■ By a deadlock vote of 4 to 4, the Supreme Court has upheld a lower court decision banning the now-famous Richmond, Virginia school merger. When, in 1972, Judge Robert Merhige ordered the consolidation of the predominantly black Richmond public schools with the mostly white schools of suburban Henrico and Chesterfield counties, comparable say to merging the school systems of New York City and Westchester, he set more than buses rolling. A U.S. court of appeals ruled that Merhige had exceeded his constitutional authority, had set a precedent "alien to our history and Constitution" that might lead to the creation of a "single, national school system." At least three Nixon-appointed justices agreed; the fourth, Lewis Powell, exempted himself on grounds of earlier participation in the case. *For the first time*, the Supreme Court has balked at advancing the integrationist cause where schools are concerned by affirming the existence of other criteria than mathematical equality. The decision represents an important victory for local jurisprudence that will have wide implications, and not only in other cases on school busing.

■ The Middle Eastern conflict seems to be moving into a new phase in which the Arab countries will attack Israel not directly, but through the West. On May 15, Iraq, Kuwait, and Algeria shut down their oil pumps for one hour, Libya for 24 hours, as a sample of what they can do for so long as Israel exists as an independent state. Saudi Arabia, one of the America's few friends in the region, did not take part in the shutdown; however, her minister of petroleum affairs said last month that she might not increase oil production "unless there was a change in the political climate." How serious are these threats? Optimists agree with Abba Eban: "The oil-buying countries have alternative places in which to buy. The Arab states have no alternative but to sell their oil because they have no other resources at all." On the other hand, the oil-producing countries aren't under as much pressure to sell as they used to be—Libya, for example, has $3 billion in monetary reserves. The Soviet Union is always ready to buy oil, and Japan hints she may make her own deal with the Arabs and let the West take care of itself. All of which prompted Senator Fulbright to warn the Arab states not to push the United States and her "militarily potent surrogates" too far. Suppose we were, as Charles Benson advocated in these pages three years ago, to take Libya . . .

■ As Leonid Brezhnev prepares to come to Washington, Armand Hammer continues to help clear his way. Hammer and the Soviet government have asked for, and apparently will receive, a formal endorsement of their twenty-year fertilizer deal by the U.S. Government. Hammer at first said the endorsement would not commit the U.S. to anything, but merely confirm that the deal was in line with our current trade policy. However, on another occasion he predicted that his whole series of agreements with the USSR—on fertilizer, oil and natural gas, Moscow hotels—would come up in the Brezhnev-Nixon talks, since they "will require political decisions in Moscow and Washington and, undoubtedly, most-favored-nation legislation, [and] also will be subject to this country's national energy policy as it relates to fuel imports." Thus, by treating the deal as a fait accompli and most-favored-nation status as inevitable, Hammer is helping to push the U.S. into concessions to the Soviet Union, and this at a time when President Nixon might easily be tempted into some dramatic foreign-policy move to draw attention away from Watergate. Which doubtless suits Leonid Brezhnev, whom Hammer calls "a man of great humanism and vast warmth and understanding," just fine.

■ Detente keeps rolling along. Leonid Brezhnev's mission to Bonn was a success; he returned to Moscow with a ten-year agreement calling for the exchange of German technology and know-how for Russian oil and raw materials (and no know-how). Brezhnev and Brandt also signed cultural and educational agreements. In fact, things went so swimmingly that Brezhnev *might* even talk to East Germany about living up to its treaties with West Germany. Almost two years ago, East and West Germany agreed to normalize relations and ease border tensions. West Germany, guided by Nobel Peace Prize-winner Brandt, has done its part; but East Germany has been, well, lax, and continues to kill those who attempt to flee paradise.

■ One week before the elections in Victoria province,

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Olfactory Problems

If I got sprayed by a skunk,
I'd smell.
Articles stuck in a trunk
Repel.
Locker rooms after a game
Are rank.
Prospectors staking a claim
Sure stank.
Fish on a beach tend to strike
One's nose.
Tell me why Ellsberg smells like
A rose?

W. H. VON DREELE

Australian Prime Minister Gough Whitlam announced that the results there would be a test of popular support for his six-month-old Labor government. A week later he had his answer. The people—of Victoria, at least—no likee. They voted the opposition Liberals back into power in the state parliament with a net gain of five seats. This probably means that Whitlam will not, as had been predicted, call new national elections in the hopes of getting a Labor-dominated Senate. At present Labor controls only the lower chamber and that has made it tough for Whitlam to move left as fast as he has wanted to.

■ Over in Sierra Leone, if you perform an act of "civil or military gallantry" you will now be awarded the Order of the Mosquito. *Mosquito?* Yes. The Mosquito has become the national mascot. Because, the government explains, it was the mosquito that carried malaria and thus made the country a "white man's grave" and prevented Europeans from settling there in large numbers.

■ Item, *New York Times*, November 22, 1972: "The Soviet government announced today that two men had been sentenced to death and two to long prison terms for collaborating with the German occupation forces in World War II. There is no statute of limitations in the Soviet Union and in the last two years thirty citizens have been executed by firing squads on war-crime charges." Item, *Daily World*, March 9, 1973: "The Presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet (parliament) appealed to King Hussein of Jordan yesterday to revoke his death sentences on Abu Daud and 17 other Palestinian Arabs. The Palestinians were sentenced to death in February for allegedly [sic] infiltrating Jordan with the intention of carrying out 'subversive activities.' . . . Tass, the Soviet news agency, reported yesterday that, 'guided by humanitarian considerations, the presidium of the USSR Supreme Soviet appealed to Hussein . . . to revoke the death sentence on Abu Daud [et al.].' " Item, *Daily World*, May 2: "Rebuffed by the ruling of the U.S. Supreme Court in *Furman* v. *State of Georgia* that the death penalty is 'cruel and unusual punishment,' President Nixon has launched a flanking maneuver to resurrect this weapon of anti-working-class terror. . . . Nixon said the moratorium on the execution of death sentences in the past two years is due to 'the more permissive attitude toward crime in the last decade.' "

■ Bobby Riggs, a 55-year-old ex-tennis star, cheerfully admits he's a has-been. On the other hand, he may have fashioned himself a future by challenging the world's best women professionals, beginning with Margaret Court, whom he trounced 6 to 2 and 6 to 1. Mrs. Court unfortunately demeaned herself by offering to compete with him (and now Billie Jean King and Chris Evert are eager to follow suit, risking all for a trivial point); but Riggs, an expert hustler and self-promoter, will prosper —the Jackie Robinson of women's tennis—in direct proportion to the ideological doggedness of the Libbers,

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the desire of some men to see women humiliated, and the idle curiosity of lots of people who want answers to questions that are better left unasked.

■ Margaret Chase Smith, who must have spare time on her hands, has formulated a novel Watergate theory, namely that each of us "bears individual responsibility for the conditions that gave rise to Watergate" because we're all "crass pragmatists," and we guess that lets Nixon off the hook, huh. Mrs. Smith made her observations at commencement exercises for St. Mary's College's Crass of '73.

■ Crimes against the English language being not indictable, Justice William O. Douglas remained at large after uttering the following sentence to the Class of 1973 at Fairleigh Dickinson University: "What your generation must be concerned with are values, human values, in that only the people can bridge the gap between different cultures and supply the modus vivendi for a new order of international arrangements."

■ Having banned one of the few useful weapons in the battle of the bulging, sodium cyclamate, the Food and Drug Administration is now preparing to ban the other artificial sweetener, saccharin, because rodents fed massive overdoses of the stuff—in research sponsored by the sugar industry—occasionally develop bladder cancer. That's no big deal. We get bladder trouble just thinking about bureaucrats being fed massive overdoses of tax dollars.

■ And how do you suppose the Post Office is going to commemorate the centennial of the penny postcard, first issued on May 12, 1873? It is going to issue a replica next September, four months late, with a magenta stamp instead of brown, costing six cents instead of one, that will get to where it's going slower than ever. If you want some of these cards, your order must be postmarked no later than September 14, so write immediately.

Primary Time in New Jersey

As Watergate goes drip, drip, drip,
And Wall Street makes your ticker skip,
Try thinking of New Jersey, where
Conservatism's in the air.
The Governor (that's Cahill, and
As liberal as Sally Rand)
Is stuck in lots and lots of muck,
While Sandman (he's with us) goes "Yuk."
And get this: Sandman's show is led
By someone whom progressives *dread*.
He's "In Your Heart You Know He's Right"—
The one-and-only Clifton White.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ "*Washington* (AP)—The National Transportation Safety Board yesterday recommended that commercial airliners pad their piano bars to protect passengers from injuries caused by air turbulence." Well, dammit, if God had wanted us to play pianos at six hundred miles per hour he'd have given us lessons.

■ Sometimes, just sometimes, it must be fun to be the *New York Times*. T'other day Managing Editor A. M. Rosenthal was summoned to the Chinese mission to the UN and chewed out for publishing advertisements of anti-Peking Chinese groups in this country. Selling ads to "reactionary" groups, said one Chou Nan, was an "unfriendly act" and "not in the best interests" of exchange of newsmen between the U.S. and China. Rosenthal replied with what passes at the *Times* for a Bronx Cheer, explaining that the paper's advertising columns are open to exponents of all points of view, always have been, always will be, amen. According to the *Times*' own report: "Mr. Chou replied that he was not moved by the explanation and that the *Times* could change its policy if it wanted to. At that point Mr. Rosenthal said: 'Since I am not a diplomat I can ask a straight question. Does that mean you will not allow us to open a bureau in Peking?' Mr. Chou . . . smiled and said, 'You can draw your own conclusions.' " Said the *Times* in an editorial next day: ". . . we will maintain this policy." Bravo.

President Agnew

Richard Nixon may be forced to resign.

That possibility is no longer merely in the realm of abstract theory. So far, to be sure, no direct testimony has connected the President with either the original break-in or the subsequent cover-up, though the President's claim that he did indeed limit the investigation in some respects in order to protect "national security" will doubtless now come under examination. So far, only hearsay and inference connect the President with culpable activities.

Nevertheless, in the White House pyramid of power, direct testimony implicates the level just below the top: Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and, until his resignation, Mitchell. Their task will now be to defend themselves against the testimony of the *next* rung down, the Deans, Magruders, Chapins, and others, plus assorted underlings. The waves lap just below the President, and may inundate him.

The President is also imperiled by a lesion of confidence on the part of the Republican establishment. More than any single individual, Barry Goldwater was responsible for the political resurrection of Richard Nixon: Shortly after his 1964 defeat, Goldwater virtually endorsed Nixon for the 1968 nomination, then almost four years distant. Many at the time thought this endorsement premature, but it served to line up behind

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

John Mitchell, the former Attorney General, who has been indicted in connection with a campaign finance investigation, and who is expected to be indicted in connection with the Watergate crimes, and former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans (also indicted in the campaign finance case), are being sued in San Francisco. They are named in connection with the charge that stationery was stolen from Eugene McCarthy's California primary headquarters in 1972. The suit says the stationery was used for a forged letter urging McCarthy voters to vote for Senator Hubert Humphrey in the primary. The suit charges that Mitchell and Stans paid Donald Segretti (also named in the suit) to do the stealing and forging.

Another rumor—and one that seems to contradict the thrust of the above—is that secret funds administered by the President's lawyer, Herbert Kalmbach, were contributed to the California organization of Senator George McGovern when Humphrey began to gain ground. Many people believe that if Humphrey had had a few hundred thousand more dollars to spend in California, he would have beaten McGovern and prevented him from getting the nomination. They note that as soon as McGovern was provoked into revealing his welfare reform plans, Humphrey began to gain, especially around Los Angeles, where he concentrated his rather limited advertising funds.

■ According to the highly respected General Accounting Office, Kalmbach raised at least $210,000 for distribution "to Watergate defendants and their attorneys." The White House notes that Kalmbach is no longer Mr. Nixon's lawyer. The White House also emphasizes that Mr. Nixon did not know what Kalmbach was doing (about the secret funds for the Watergate principals; about the secret funds for Segretti; about negotiating the campaign contributions from the dairy industry in exchange for the increase in the government's price support for milk, etc.) when he was the President's lawyer.

■ Republican National Chairman George Bush wants the Committee To Re-elect the President to give some of its remaining millions of dollars to Republican candidates running in 1974. But the Committee will have to save some of its money in case it loses the various libel suits that may be brought against it by Senators Henry Jackson, Edmund Muskie, and others who hold the Committee responsible for letters forged by Segretti.

■ Zieglering: Fred Fielding, a White House lawyer who was assistant to John Dean when Dean was counsel to the President, says Ron Ziegler, the President's Press Secretary, attended a White House meeting at which, says Fielding, there was "general discussion" of what Donald Segretti (subsequently indicted for various criminal activities relating to the sabotage of Democratic presidential candidates) should do to protect himself. Asked about Fielding's report, Ziegler explained: "I don't recall any session I attended where there was a question of advice to Mr. Segretti. At one session I attended, there was discussion of Mr. Segretti and of course there were allegations he was directing political sabotage."

■ Henry Kissinger's reputation will never be quite the same now that it is known that he felt it necessary to tap the telephones of members of his own staff. In addition, he is widely suspected of being the source of many of the news "leaks" that the taps were supposedly designed to track down. While the telephone of Henry Brandon, a British journalist, was being tapped he was writing a book that turned out to be full of praise of Kissinger. The suspicion in some circles here is that Kissinger, who was careful to cultivate Brandon, was interested in knowing if Brandon was remaining friendly as he wrote his book.

■ Topic A at the 8:30 A.M. Cabinet meeting on the day James McCord began dropping his bombs at the Ervin Committee hearings was the problem of reorganizing the Bicentennial Commission.

—CATO

Nixon large parts of the center and right of the Party. In the years since 1964, Goldwater—always a Party loyalist, and also a member of the Senate "club" of insiders—has emerged as an elder statesman. In a recent lengthy interview in the *Chicago Tribune*, Senator Goldwater stopped far short of expressing ultimate faith in Richard Nixon, and in certain passages it was possible to discern a plank being prepared for the presidential foot: "Now the important question is when we get to the cover-up. I am going to believe that he didn't attempt any cover-up until it is proven that he was involved. I have to say it's not easy to stay with that feeling. I have to think he knew about this a good time before his [April 30] speech." In other words, Goldwater thinks that Nixon told a flat lie to the American people in that speech. And it is far from impossible to read between the lines of the Goldwater interview the thought that individuals and even Presidents come and go, but that the Republican Party endures down the decades.

But Goldwater's remarks are only the tip of the iceberg. Within the Republican establishment, on Capitol Hill and elsewhere, the comment is—at best—scathing. Unless somehow all of this is reversed, the projected curve of Richard Nixon's prospects points steadily downward.

Already, the liberal opposition, though eager to wound Nixon as much as possible, shows signs of apprehension about the prospect, steadily improving, of an Agnew succession to the Presidency, several bellwether commentators going so far as to suggest that Nixon *and* Agnew resign, even though Agnew remains clean as a hound's tooth.

In cold political terms an incoming Agnew Administration could be in a strong position. "After all," writes syndicated columnist Kevin Phillips, "Agnew is not remotely implicated in the Watergate Syndrome; he should be no more affected by its fallout than Calvin Coolidge was by the scandalous odor attached to the Administration of Warren G. Harding. . . . Similar success could await Agnew. If Richard Nixon were to leave office within the next year, then Vice President-turned-President Agnew would have nearly three years to gain or lose the nation's trust, affection, and respect. One thing is certain: He would run a very different White House.

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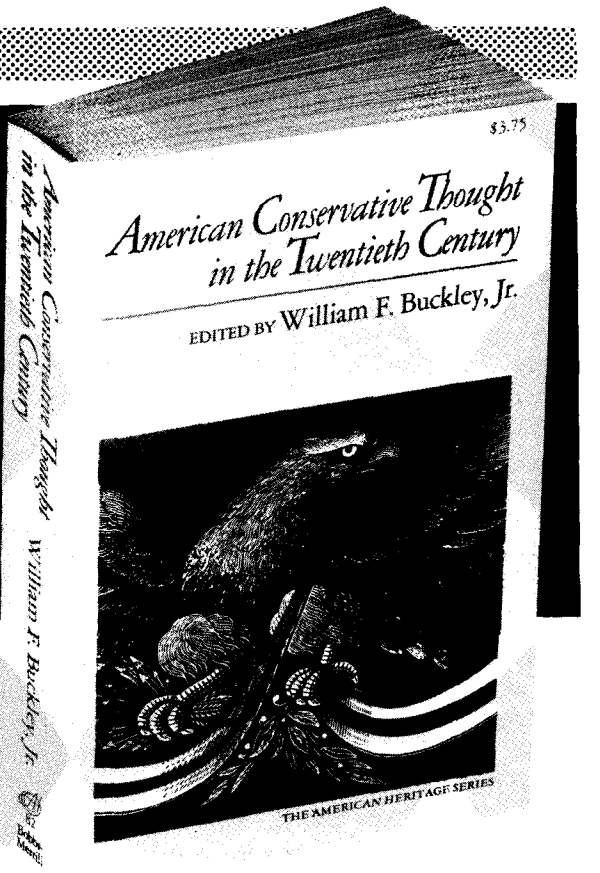
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There would be no Haldeman-Ehrlichman-type people; Agnew and 'the Germans' have detested each other since 1969. The Vice President is also a very open man. . . . Whether or not Agnew could sew up the 'New Majority' is an open question, but as the son of a Greek immigrant, he typifies it as well or better than President Nixon. Moreover, in contrast to Mr. Nixon's preoccupation with foreign affairs, the Vice President is interested mainly in domestic policy . . . [and] from the standpoint of electoral precedent, [Nixon's] departure could be fortunate for the GOP. Remember that since 1952, we have had eight years of one party, and then eight years of the other. If the President serves out his remaining four-year term, the Democrats are likely to win in 1976. But if Agnew takes over as Chief Executive in 1973 or 1974, then another set of precedents comes into play—public disposition to re-elect incumbent Presidents, even men who originally ran for second place. And seven years (1973-1980) of Spiro T. Agnew in the White House could hardly help but have a decisive impact on the future of American politics."

Washington is a political hothouse. The rest of the nation has not yet succumbed to Watergate Fever. The high cost of living far outdistances Watergate in a Gallup Poll on public worries. At the center of the storm, however, the pressures are becoming intense. To members of the Republican establishment like Goldwater, Watergate is a scandal imposed upon the Party by arrogant blunderers in the White House that could cost Nixon his Presidency. For the liberal opposition, which is able to amplify its position daily via the media, "Watergate" has become a code-word like "Vietnam," another convenient symbol of far-ranging discontents, a ball with which they will run as long and as far as they can.

It is characteristic of Richard Nixon that before one of his famous spectacular moves he goes into a period of seclusion, meditating, it is said, over his yellow legal pads. As we go to press, he is again thus secluded, in this his greatest and perhaps his final crisis.

Watergate Preview, 1964

On Tuesday afternoon, February 4, 1964, Speaker of the House John McCormack sat in his office chatting with his personal public-relations consultant Robert N. Winter-Berger. That same afternoon, the Senate Rules Committee had voted to summon Bobby Baker for an inquiry on February 19.

"We had talked about five minutes," recalls Winter-Berger, "when I heard the private door open, and I turned to see who it was. I immediately recognized the rather tall, broad-shouldered man in the dark suit. I had never seen such anguish on a man's face before. It was Lyndon Baines Johnson, the President of the United States. A Secret Service man hovered behind him, but he remained in the hall as the door swung shut. Stunned, I froze in my chair. I didn't know quite what to do. Did they want me to leave or stay? Neither Johnson nor McCormack gave any indication as to what I should do. I glanced at McCormack, and I could see that he was as amazed as I was. The question struck me: Why would the President come to the Speaker at the Capitol instead of asking the Speaker to go to him at the White House?

"Johnson disregarded me, but I can never forget the sight of him, crossing the room in great strides. In a loud, hysterical voice, he said: 'John, that son of a bitch is going to ruin me. If that c---s----- talks, I'm gonna land in jail.' By the time he had finished these words he had reached the chair at McCormack's desk, sat down, and buried his face in his hands. Then I knew why he had come here, and I realized how desperate the situation must be.

"To the best of my recollection at that shocking moment, McCormack said: 'Mr. President, things may not be that bad.' He got up and went to Johnson and placed a hand on his shoulder.

" 'Jesus Christ!' Johnson exclaimed. 'Things couldn't be worse, and you know it. We've talked about this s--- often enough. Why wasn't it killed, John?' When Johnson looked up at McCormack, I could see he was crying. He buried his face again.

" 'We tried, Lyndon,' McCormack said. 'Everybody did.'

"Johnson said: 'I practically raised the m-----f-----, and now he's gonna make me the first President of the United States to spend the last days of his life behind bars.' He was hysterical.

" 'You won't,' McCormack said helplessly.

" 'How much money does the greedy bastard have to make?' Johnson said. 'For a lousy five thousand bucks, he ruins his life, he ruins my life, and Christ knows who else's. Five thousand bucks, and the son of a bitch has millions.'

" 'We all make mistakes,' McCormack said, glancing at me. 'How could he have known, Mr. President?'

" 'He should have *given* him the goddam machines,' Johnson said. 'He should have known better. Now we're all up s--- creek. We're all gonna rot in jail.'

" 'We'll think of something,' McCormack said. He rubbed Johnson's shoulder. 'Please. Calm down. Control yourself.'

"In a burst, Johnson said: 'It's *me* they're after. It's me they want. Who the f--- is that s---heel? But they'll get him up there in front of an open committee and all the crap will come pouring out and it'll be *my* neck. Christ, John, my whole life is at stake!'

" 'Listen, Lyndon,' McCormack said, 'remember the sign Harry had on his desk—THE BUCK STOPS HERE? Maybe we can make this buck stop at Bobby.'

" 'You *have* to,' Johnson cried out. 'He's got to take this rap himself. He's the one that made the goddam stupid mistake. Get to him. Find out how much *more* he wants, for chrissake. I've got to be kept out of this.'

" 'You will, Lyndon,' McCormack said. 'This will pass.'

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PEPCO Implicated

Potomac Electric Power Company (PEPCO) supplied electricity to the White House office of Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt at the time he was plotting the political espionage operation, sources close to the investigation told the *Washington Post* yesterday.

"PEPCO lines definitely ran to Hunt's office," the source said. "But we haven't been able to sort out the cost, because it is concealed in the over-all White House bill.

"Hunt took advantage of existing facilities when he moved into the office in July of 1971. We don't know who authorized him to do so. But there are indications he used PEPCO electricity to operate his tape recorder and duplicating machine in the office."

PEPCO billings for the White House during the period of Hunt's employment have been collected by investigators for the special Senate subcommittee probing the Watergate affair.

One source viewed PEPCO's involvement as "potentially very significant." This man, who asked anonymity, told the *Post*:

"You must remember that PEPCO is subject to all kinds of federal regulation. The Federal Power Commission, which is appointed by the President, has life or death say over its sources of power. The District of Columbia public utilities commission, which regulates its charges, is part of the D.C. city government, and the President appoints the mayor.

"We intend to find out why a company subject to White House influence was doing business with a guy like Hunt."

The source pointed out that President Nixon carried Maryland and Virginia by substantial majorities in the 1972 election. Both states are serviced by PEPCO subsidiaries.

According to information PEPCO furnished the Senate subcommittee staff, Hunt's office in the basement of the White House West Wing was equipped with four standard 110-volt wall outlets and two 110-volt overhead fixtures.

"We have reason to believe Hunt used the wall plug for the tape recorder," the source said. In answer to questions, the source said, "No special expertise was required for Hunt to plug in this machine, so I guess this is one instance where he didn't request technical assistance from the CIA." (A PEPCO subsidiary, Virginia Electric Power Company, or VEPCO, services the CIA's sprawling headquarters complex in suburban Langley, Va.)

The Senate subcommittee is also investigating what the source called "the strong possibility" that other District of Columbia utilities had "support roles" in the Watergate operation.

The source refused to identify these companies. Elsewhere, however, the *Post* learned that the firms under scrutiny include Washington Gas Light Company, which has the gas franchise for the District of Columbia; and Chesapeake & Potomac Telephone Company.

C&P is a subsidiary of the mammoth American Telephone & Telegraph Co., which in turn is the parent of Western Electric Co., sixth largest defense contractor in the country in 1972. The *Post* disclosed earlier this week that key conversations in the Watergate plot were carried out over AT&T lines. —JOSEPH C. GOULDEN

"Johnson got angry. 'Not if we just sit around on our asses and think we can watch it pass. You've got to get to Bobby, John. Tell him I expect him to take the rap for this on his own. Tell him I'll make it worth his while. Remind him that I always have. . . .' "

(Robert N. Winter-Berger, *The Washington Pay-Off*, pp. 65-69.)

Ellsberg Rampant

No sooner had Daniel Ellsberg been liberated in Los Angeles than there he was, in the flesh, delivering lay sermons on U.S. turpitude before the Senate Armed Services Committee, under the benevolent and—it is painfully clear—ambitious eye of Senator Muskie.

Ellsberg the moralizer is even less acceptable tnan Ellsberg the document-snatcher.

His earlier celebrity had been based upon his Pentagon Papers theft, plus his declared intention to sacrifice himself if necessary to turn his trial into a forum on the war. As it turned out, the Pentagon Papers—as the few who read them quickly discerned—proved little in the way of wrongdoing or deception. Ellsberg next funked the role of moral hero, choosing to defend himself on narrow technical grounds rather than on the broad issues of the morality and legality of the Vietnamese war. He thus proved himself a worthy practitioner of the now-you-see-it, now-you-don't school of civil disobedience, a follower in the tradition of Dwight Macdonald, Ben Spock, William Sloane Coffin, and others, who wish to *seem* to violate the law, as a gesture of delegitimization, but not, actually, to go to jail. They, no thank you, will pass up the opportunity to write a letter from a Birmingham jail.

Through well-publicized government blunders, however, Ellsberg has been given a new lease on his life as a symbol—a symbol around which the energies of the counter-government can muster.

In providing Ellsberg with his Senate committee forum, in publicly quarreling with Senator Thurmond in defense of Ellsberg, in being photographed in attitudes

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of affection and respect with Ellsberg the Egregious, Senator Muskie was moving to stake out his claim to the allegiance of the Left in his second, and immensely uncalled for, effort to gain the Presidency.

A Man-Made Energy Crunch

Stewart Udall has written an article for *World* proposing "a radical solution" to the energy crisis, a solution that includes eliminating "such extravagances as central heating," rationing gas, or doubling gas prices. Mr. Udall favors "tax and other incentives—rationing if necessary—to reward efficiency and discourage waste." The price system, if allowed to function, tends to do this naturally. If supplies are short, prices rise to discourage demand and encourage more supply. What is needed is not grandiose new federal programs so much as a dismantling of old programs that prevent prices from "rewarding efficiency and discouraging waste."

When the Cost of Living Council puts a ceiling on gasoline prices, for example, it prevents price increases from reflecting the excess of demand over supply. When the Federal Power Commission keeps natural gas prices artificially low, it encourages waste and discourages exploration. When the Civil Aeronautics Board enforces airline fares set 20 to 95 per cent above competitive levels, airline companies compete by advertising that their planes are bigger and emptier and fly too often. The Interstate Commerce Commission keeps railroads burning fuel on unprofitable routes; while "free" highways encourage excessive use of cars and trucks. If the Federal Government is going to start worrying about incentives for energy conservation, it should begin by putting its own house in order.

As a long-run solution, Mr. Udall wants to speed up the search for alternative energy sources and the development of new transportation systems. This is fine, as far as it goes, but it won't help during this decade.

Though no single solution will be adequate—some combination of higher prices, increased imports, and new technology will be needed—there is one sizable domestic energy source that could be available within three years: the low-sulfur oil beneath Alaska's North Slope. But to get at it, we need the Trans-Alaskan pipeline, which remains unbuilt because environmental groups object to a four-foot diameter pipe taking up 45 square miles of Alaska's scarce (586,000 square miles) scenic land. The proposed alternative of a trans-Canadian oil pipeline exists only in the minds of a few legislators. The hypothetical 3,200-mile Canadian line would cost more than twice as much as the 789-mile Alaskan line, would take five to eight years longer to build, and would make the oil too expensive to be competitive.

A Supreme Court ruling in April, based on a 1920 law, denied the Secretary of the Interior authority to grant construction rights of sufficient width for the Alaskan line. This places the issue squarely in the hands of Congress, which can authorize the line and thus 1) tide us over the energy crunch and 2) provide the energy we need to develop long-term solutions.

Stop the Presses

No, not the ones that crank out print
Or free my suits of ugly lint,
And not the ones that grant escape
By squeezing juices from the grape.
The presses which deserve the knee
Are in the U.S. Treasury.

W. H. VON DREELE

Wanted for Truth-Seeking

Two years ago Richard J. Herrnstein, a professor of psychology at Harvard, published an article in *The Atlantic* in which he assented, in passing, to the contention of Berkeley psychologist Arthur Jensen that IQ differences are primarily due to genetic, rather than environmental, variations. In fact, noted Herrnstein, Jensen's thesis was no news to specialists; and he carefully refused to follow Jensen further in attributing low black IQs to genetic differences between entire races, such a generality being, in his view, too tenuous to venture. Herrnstein's own point was quite distinct: namely, that any ambitious social program designed to make men equal by filtering out environmental differences—luck, privilege, inherited wealth, etc.—would not only fail, but would in fact backfire. By assuming inherently equal intelligence, he argued, such an egalitarianism would make inherent inequality (the only inequality that *can't* be eliminated) the sole determinant of social status, the result being a more rigid social stratification than ever.

A subtle point; and, sure enough, everybody seemed to miss it, and to miss it, often as not, willfully. Herrnstein (like Jensen before him) has since been denounced, vilified, heckled, threatened, and prevented from speaking. Radical student groups have of course done the dirty work, and with great gusto ("Wanted for Racism," ran one widely circulated poster bearing Herrnstein's picture). What is more interesting, as he reviews his harassment in the April *Commentary*, is that the radicals conducted their inquisition with the tacit approval, and even subtle connivance, of many professors and administrators.

Herrnstein says that attempts to discredit him have often followed this scenario: First, the radicals smear him. Second, liberal professors "deplore" the "crudeness" of the radicals' "methods" (though not, by implication, the substance of their objections), then add, with a judicious air, that Herrnstein's logic is "questionable," his findings "tentative," his motives "political," thereby creating the (false) impression of a) their own competence to resolve such matters, and b) their own mod-

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eration, steering carefully between the two extremes of Herrnstein and his antagonists. Finally, the general public concludes from all this that the liberals *do* represent a reasonable middle ground. The result is, in fact, a victory for both liberals and radicals.

What is at stake? An entire orthodoxy (or two, depending on whether one regards the students' radicalism as ultimately distinct from the faculties' liberalism). "[My] case," says Herrnstein, "relies only on well-documented findings, easily found in many standard textbooks. The novelty, such as it is, in my argument is to have brought those commonplace facts into coordination and shown that the outcome is lethal to all forms of doctrinaire egalitarianism, both Marxist and liberal-academic." In an editorial in the same issue, Norman Podhoretz adds that "the hostility to free discussion on many campuses today extends beyond particular subjects to almost any idea which is critical of the liberal orthodoxy of the moment on any subject whatsoever. . . . The upshot is an atmosphere which is no longer conducive to fearless inquiry or even to playful speculation and which, far from encouraging, positively obstructs the development of independence of mind and of the critical spirit. Thus do our colleges and universities continue their degenerative mutation from sanctuaries for free discussion into inquisitorial agents of a dogmatic secular faith."

Irving Kristol at Work

In a valuable essay, first delivered to the Mont Pelerin Society in Montreux, Switzerland in September 1972 and now published in *The Public Interest* (Spring 1973), Irving Kristol ponders a seeming paradox. On the one hand, "the idea of a centrally planned and centrally administered economy, so popular in the 1930s and early 1940s, has been discredited." We have had Hayek's "profound insights—most notably in *The Constitution of Liberty*—into the connection between a free market, the rule of law, and individual liberty." Friedman has shown us how "government rules and regulations so frequently get results that are the opposite of those intended. In addition, Friedman has instructed us all—including most socialists and neo-socialists—in the unsuspected, creative powers of the market as a mechanism for solving social problems." And yet, paradoxically, though these and other like-minded economists have made their case, though "the other side seems to have lost the argument," the advocates of the free market seem "somehow not to have won it." Or: "If the traditional economics of socialism has been discredited, why has not the traditional economics of capitalism been vindicated?"

Kristol's answer is rather like Chesterton's comment on Bernard Shaw, to the effect that Shaw resembles the Venus de Milo: All that is *there* is very good. The *economic* performance of capitalism has been very good.

Nevertheless: "Modern, liberal, secular society is

Behrendt, *Het Parool*, Amsterdam — Ben Roth Agency

based on the revolutionary premise that there is no superior, authoritative information available about the good life or the true nature of human happiness—that this information is implicit only in individual preferences, and that therefore the individual has to be free to develop and express these preferences."

Yet clearly, and as many foresaw, this conception of society contains large gaps. Its moral and spiritual anarchy is only a step, if that, from nihilism. Kristol notes the implicit secularism of the kind of society he describes: "I think it is becoming clear that religion, and a moral philosophy associated with religion, is far more important politically than the philosophy of liberal individualism admits." And, as a consequence of this deficiency, he points to "the inability of liberal society ever to come up with a convincing and generally accepted theory of political obligation."

In this essay, as in the previous pieces contained in *On the Democratic Idea in America*, Irving Kristol has been engaged in a patient and profound exploration of the deficiencies inherent in the idea of liberal secular man.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Sir:

Last nite (5/9/73) on the Alan Douglas talk show, NBC, 8 P.M.-12 P.M., Mr. Douglas made derogatory statements about you. This party, who is a pinko, bleeding heart liberal (comes from Cleveland, Ohio), detests conservatives and in his usual rude and crude manner, practically tore you apart.

When a caller called up and somehow your name was mentioned in the course of conversation, talking about social programs, welfare, etc., Mr. Douglas said that

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anybody, such as you and mentioned you, who was born with a silver spoon in your mouth, should "shut up" because you have no right to discuss social issues since you were never poor enough to do so. This is the mentality of Mr. Douglas. He said lots more which was not complimentary. I think you ought to write a column about this 2-bit punk and let him have it. He is arrogant, sanctimonious, and uses his time on the air to cut you off when it suits his purpose (when you disagree with him) and allows you any amount of time when your ideas are in accord with his.

Incidentally, another caller called up (after the one above) and said since when does a conservative with a silver spoon in his mouth have to shut up—what about the liberals who were born with silver spoons, such as the Kennedys and the Lindsays etc.—does this mean that they too cannot discuss social programs? Bully for her.

At any rate, I thought I would advise you about this so that you can get in touch with this boor and let him have it.

Sue Manning
Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Mrs. Manning: That would be gilding the lily. Yours cordially, —WFB

■ *Remarks by WFB at the* Yale Daily News *banquet (May 4, 1973) in honor of* Yale News *Advertising Director Francis Donahue, retiring after fifty years' service.*

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Brewster, Francis:

I remember eight years ago when I was running for mayor—an unrequited proposal to the voters of New York City—being informed by the press moments before my scheduled luncheon address to the Overseas Press Club, that at *his* lunch at the other end of Manhattan, Candidate John Lindsay had just uttered a witticism at my expense. "Buckley is such a bastard," Linsday told his audience, "I sometimes wish he *would* be elected mayor of New York."

I replied with a story impossibly labored, yet splendidly rococo, which I had come across years before in the autobiography of G. K. Chesterton. It appears that at Chesterton's preparatory school, St. Peter's, the headmaster maintained the tradition of delivering a eulogy upon any departing member of the school staff. On this occasion the boys were duly assembled to hear him remark the virtues of a mathematics teacher who was leaving to join the staff at St. Paul's. Chesterton and his fellow students, having endured a dozen such tributes at the hands of an orator whose ponderousness was an institutional plague, settled down to daydream or to doodle. Fifteen minutes into his somnolence Chesterton sat up having been elbowed by his desk-mate and indeed the entire assembly was astir. *The headmaster had uttered a witticism!* He had said triumphantly that the boys had witnessed the very act of robbing Peter to pay Paul.

That night Chesterton and his roommate composed an extended fantasy, based on the assumption that the headmaster had devoted the entire sum of his life's wit to plotting a career that would make possible that afternoon's climax. He had studied to become a teacher, had pursued the headmastership of St. Peter's, had hired a young mathematics instructor only after pre-arranging with St. Paul's that he should in due course be hired away: And thus had he contrived his destiny and others' to make possible his witticism. Thus had I served John Lindsay—in 1965. I wonder now whether Francis hasn't contrived his fifty years so as to deliver me, as a captive audience, President Kingman Brewster, and the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr.

Accordingly, I shall spend the first 15 minutes in explaining prevalent misconceptions about constitutional law, the next 15 minutes in discussing needed reforms in educational philosophy, the next 15 minutes in explaining the background of the Vietnam war, and the final 15 minutes in explaining the incompatibility of the New Testament and the collected work of the Reverend William Sloane Coffin Jr.

Such, in any case, was my intention; but I fear that time is running out. Perhaps Jonathan Rose, who is here tonight from the White House, can arrange to supply Mr. Brewster and Mr. Coffin with a tape recording of my views on these matters.

I reach, on this occasion, to speak very briefly of matters that are not strained by factional attachment, or are weary to the ear of the weary. Though Hank Luce's suggestion a moment ago that it is *Republicans* and *conservatives* who have attempted to impose conformity upon American life reminds me of the great line in Sir Walter Scott: "Oh Geordie, jingling Geordie! It was grand to hear the baby Charles laying low the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence." A return to Yale, for most of those who are here for this occasion, is among other things a surcease from the strains of the world of power and commerce. On the other hand I hasten to reassure the members of the *Yale Daily News* that the temptation does not cross my mind to reminisce about the Yale I knew. The Yale I knew, after all, I memorialized in a volume I published a year after graduating, which sits at the bedside of President Brewster.

Let me say just this, that the experience of those of us who served on the *News* was very special. It is as it should be that you should manage the institution as you see fit. But it would be a pity if you did not know, because you did not happen to experience, such an organization as we knew. I am in no position to pass judgment on what changes you have effected or inherited, or on whether such changes were necessary in order to accommodate academic requirements or extra-academic and extra-journalistic distractions.

I do remember wondering, at least once during the period when I heeled the *News*—which term, I understand, is far-gone in desuetude, rejected alike for its

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singularity and ignominy—whether there was any justification for an effort so very time-consuming. I had been made aware by my brother Jim of the pleasure he got from the friends he made on the *News*, but I did not know, beyond the general way in which one knows these things, very much about the quality of the experience, or the strategic impact of it. I came to realize that it grew out of a rather stern insistence upon excellence. I am not suggesting that excellence was achieved by paradigmatic standards. But that excellence was exacted to the extent that the reserves were actively or latently there. It mattered a great deal to the associate or senior editors that sentences should be lucid, that attention should ingeniously be given to detail, that the data should be accurate, that bias should be contained, that words should be carefully used, that headlines should neatly communicate. Having said as much I hasten to say this, that I know that I would be appalled to be confronted at this point by any stretch of prose for which I was responsible during the time I was here. I dwell on the point only in order to remark that, as I think back on it, the time we spent as heelers, and the time we subsequently spent as editors and as officers of the *News* must have been given as ungrudgingly as it was because we felt that we were laboring usefully: on the one hand to produce a respecable product, on the other to train ourselves in a craft—as writers, to compose communicable prose; as businessmen, to learn something of the constituent parts of journalistic commerce.

I make the point tonight because during the last period of years, elsewhere and presumably also at Yale, the attitude became here and there fashionable that college journalism is a form of release. That it is justified largely as a means by which individuals can magnify the sound of their opinions, or indulge the scope of their petulances. We live, after all, in an age that is greatly tolerant of the notion that one communicates best by tactile contact and that knowledge is communicated by osmotic processes which it is vain to seek to understand, let alone to parse; in an age that flirts with the suggestion that it is an effrontery to suppose that there are standards to be observed; that there is life in form, let alone inspiration in it.

It may be that from the self-indulgent slouchiness of that movement there will be a residue of spontaneity that will enliven journalism, even as it has been enlivened by the New Journalism, out there, of Tom Wolfe, and Gay Talese, and Garry Wills. But see how these gentlemen are disciplined. They could, each one of them, write you an anthologizable news story, before midnight, on a crisis in the department of garbage collection or in the department of sociology—indeed they can even manage to distinguish between the two.

I think it safe to say that there are two kinds of college newspapers. To reach for a convenient division, they are the papers whose achievement is measured simply by the raw manufacture and delivery of the paper, and the service done to the vanity of those whose names appear as byline and on the masthead; and those other papers which, however erratic their performance, are instantly recognizable as artifacts presented with passion, with pride, and with joy. It is a participation in such an enterprise that gives true satisfaction, bringing together people of sensitivity and depth. I wish you all the happiness that that experience brings.

Our host tonight, representing the 1973 Board, undertook, quite alone last summer, to right, singlehandedly, an inadvertent negligence that might have resulted in an egregious injustice. Though still an undergraduate, he is the true patron of this evening. The venturesome good will of the chaplain of the University toward the guest of honor, will lighten his burden in Purgatory—he is perhaps the residual beneficiary of this occasion. The benevolent auspices that only the president of Yale can provide are particularly exhilarating tonight inasmuch as once he was the heeler, while the guest of honor was sovereign.

And then, of course . . . The last time I attended a banquet of the *Yale Daily News*, the guest of honor was the retiring president of Yale, and the speakers were five presidents of the principal colleges in the Ivy League. One of them, a year or two later, became President of the United States, and the others continued for many years to command the destinies of illustrious institutions.

The guest of honor tonight is not known outside the boundaries of Yale, or the memory of Yale graduates. But I recall at this moment the toast that President Kennedy gave at the White House on the evening that he had collected there all the writers and doctors and scientists who had won the Nobel Prize. The dining room of the White House, Mr. Kennedy remarked, had not been so greatly honored since Thomas Jefferson ate there alone. I know that you will agree with me when I suggest that our guest of honor tonight ranks first among all who have appeared at these banquets, in the affection and admiration of this company. **—WFB**

Nearer My God to Thee

On "A" Deck, gentlemen cram into tails
As they escort their ladies to the boats.
In steerage, there's a symphony of wails
(Which won't be mentioned in the anecdotes).
I, on the fantail and alert for quotes,
Observe the captain holler, "Full astern!"
They apprehend a man in petticoats;
Some flowers topple in a potted urn.
Meanwhile, the captain takes another turn.
Surveying the horizon from the poop.
He doesn't seem to register concern
As passengers splash wildly in the soup.
The boiler room's abandoning the pumps.
I'm diving off the second Barry jumps.

W. H. VON DREELE

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The Snicker Factor

It seems increasingly likely that if Mr. Nixon is still President three months from now, the dominant aspect of his life will be the Snicker Factor. If he ever slips and says, "I want to make one thing perfectly clear . . . ," his audience will snicker. If he ever needs to talk about the prerogatives and dignity of the Presidency, his audience will snicker. If he ever has the gruesome bad taste to speak about the problem of crime in America, he will be up against the Jeer Factor.

It now seems clear that if Mr. Nixon is President three months from now, a disturbing number of Americans, not all of them Democrats, will regard him as a hypocrite. Perhaps nothing will have been "proven" against him, at least in a way that would sustain a criminal conviction or justify impeachment. Perhaps we will be left with the worst possible outcome, a President buried under an avalanche of hearsay testimony, no single item of which is conclusive, but the cumulative impact of which is devastating.

It's increasingly easy for Mr. Nixon's enemies to believe that Mr. Nixon's friendly Easter telephone call to his then counsel, John Dean, and his lavish praise of H. R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman ("two of the finest public servants it has been my privilege to know") while accepting their resignations reflects intense terror that these close aides might turn on him and tell a fatal truth about what he has known and done.

He may still be President three months from now because no one wants to impeach a President, and he may not want to resign. Even those Democrats whose motives are meanest do not want him gone. They want to humiliate and discredit him to the point that he can function only as a docile, pliant administrator.

But it is now clear that it will be impossible to calibrate so carefully the humiliation of Mr. Nixon. It will be impossible for two reasons.

First, it is impossible to know at what point Mr. Nixon might find his position intolerable. It is impossible to anticipate how he will react to the realization, which must come soon, that he is going to be, at the very best, a figure of ridicule for the rest of his term.

Second, no one or nothing—not even the Ervin Committee—can control the pace or sweep of the new evidence about the criminality of the Nixon White House. There are five grand juries around the nation investigating various aspects of this criminality. The press is furiously pursuing every possible lead with incredible energy. There are a lot of weak or untested men facing prison, and some of them are apt to crack and tell some new tales. Mr. Ehrlichman, for example, was a loyal servant of the President when he was in power. It remains to be seen how Mr. Ehrlichman reacts when the wages of loyalty could be a prison term.

Needless to say, even if Mr. Nixon holds up under the strain, and does not resign, he could be impeached if it is really *proven* that he was involved in planning or obscuring crimes. But at this point it must be said that the controversial Vice President is a major inhibition on those, Republicans and Democrats alike, who might otherwise be glad to be shed of Mr. Nixon.

For nearly five years now, since Mr. Nixon chose Mr. Agnew to be his running mate in 1968, it has been a standard piece of gallows humor to refer to Mr. Agnew as Mr. Nixon's "insurance policy." The point of the joke has been that no one will assassinate Mr. Nixon as long as Mr. Agnew is where he is. Today, as the possibility of Mr. Nixon resigning becomes greater, such jokes aren't funny to Nixon's enemies.

Mr. Agnew has been Mr. Nixon's Nixon, the spear-point of Republican partisanship, the instrument of "positive polarization." He is not the ideal instrument for healing a troubled nation. In addition, there are those who believe that Mr. Agnew has certain of the same character traits that have brought Mr. Nixon low. Like Nixon, they will tell you, Agnew has displayed at times in the past a certain morbid hypersensitivity, feelings of insecurity and inferiority regarding the press, the academic community, and the establishment generally.

Agnew's admirers smile and say there is a pleasant surprise, a Harry Truman, buried in Spiro Agnew, yearning to breathe free. But the feeling here is that a maimed, tainted, impotent Mr. Nixon is preferable to Mr. Agnew. Those are the alternatives for the foreseeable future.

Meanwhile, from the White House, we get stories like the following.

When asked if President Nixon's staff had deceived him (which is Mr. Nixon's line), Mrs. Nixon said, "I'm not going to say that they let him down until we find out whether they did or not. You know, really and truly, there hasn't been anything that's happened for sure yet and I'll have faith until I'm proven wrong." To help nurture faith, Rose Mary Woods, Mr. Nixon's personal secretary, carted up to Camp David two briefcases full of letters praising Mr. Nixon. According to Mrs. Nixon, "we all sat around and had fun passing them around and reading them." They concerned, she said, "what Dick has meant to the world."

Charles Colson, the former Nixon aide who used to oversee the drafting and financing of floods of mail to the White House in praise of his boss probably did not have anything to do with these letters. But when Mrs. Nixon talked about them it was hard not to snicker. □

Farewell, Laissez-Faire?

In Russia, Gosplan bureaucrats
Hold sway on hairpins, shoes, and hats.
They say how many will be made;
The cost, the color, and the grade.
Sometimes the hairpins glut the shops;
Sometimes the ladies look like mops.
Sometimes the shoes are there to see,
But everything's in *Double E.*
They've had controls for fifty years
And never duplicated Sears.

W. H. von Dreele

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A RECONSTRUCTION

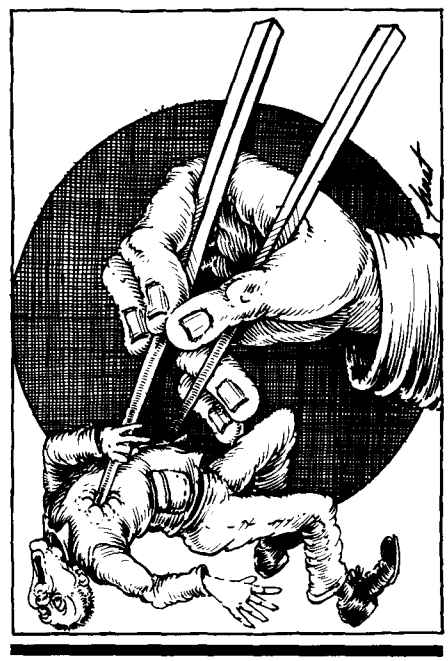
Lin Piao, once Mao's "close comrade in arms and successor," is definitely dead. The Chinese say he plotted a palace coup. Could be, says the author—but what's important about the story is what it suggests about the political instability of Mr. Nixon's hosts

Who Killed Lin Piao?

CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

SOONER OR LATER the U.S. will attempt to take up serious business with Communist China. The process of detente begun under President Nixon should move on from the simple beginnings supplied by touring troupes of ping-pong players, acrobats, scholars, journalists, and businessmen scouts into the more exacting areas of political arrangements, the terms of trade and credit, and other matters calculated to give force to a useful modus vivendi. It was only three years ago, on May 20, 1970, after the brief and skimpy U.S. intrusion into Cambodia, that Chairman Mao Tse-tung promoted this country ahead of the Soviet Union as Red China's "Number One Enemy" and called upon the revolutionary forces in the world "to unite and defeat the aggressors and all their running dogs." Today China's split with the Soviet Union and its recent swing toward improved relations with the U.S. have created a triangular power relationship on which the whole speculative design of the Nixon-Kissinger foreign policy pivots. It stands to reason that how well this new situation is exploited will depend upon how well we understand the strange circumstances that brought it to pass.

During the 24 years since the Communists became masters of the Mainland, the U.S. has twice been drawn reluctantly into wars started by China's principal neighboring clients, North Korea and North Vietnam. Peking's avowed objectives in those wars were to further the expansion of friendly Communist regimes and to hasten the expulsion of the American presence on the Asian continent. In the North Korean conflict massive Chinese armies intervened as "volunteers" to fight American forces in direct combat. During the past 15 years, Chairman Mao has twice flung the Chinese multitudes through political and social upheavals—the Great Leap Forward, 1958-1959, and the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, 1966-1967—which, for sheer physical upheaval and turmoil involving hundreds of millions of people, have never been equaled in all human experience. The Great Leap sought to make China self-reliant industrially and militarily before the breach with the Soviet Union became complete, in 1960. In the Cultural Revolution, only seven years ago, mobs of rampaging Red Guards were turned loose to smash the moderates who had taken charge of the party and the state bureaucracy after the catastrophic failure of the first experiment. By then, Mao's declared purpose was to rekindle the revolutionary fervor of the Chinese masses. But his ultimate target, and primary victim, was an old "comrade in arms," Liu Shao-ch'i, Chairman of the regime, who from the first Communist wars against Chiang Kai-shek had been Mao's intended successor as party head and leader of China. Seven years ago, Liu Shao-ch'i, in the words of his former comrades, was tossed upon "the garbage heap of history," never to be mentioned again, or seen.



Now the shadow of a third act of political violence obscures the internal politics of Communist China. This time it is the Lin Piao affair. At the Ninth Party Congress in April 1969, in the dusty aftermath of the lost Cultural Revolution, Marshal Lin Piao, the Defense Minister, was elected Vice Chairman of the Central Committee. He was further designated in a new draft constitution as Mao's "close comrade in arms and successor." Sixteen years younger than Mao, yet old enough to have commanded the advance guard in the celebrated Long March of 1934 to 1936, Lin Piao early established himself as the firebrand of the Chinese revolutionary Left. He came to world notice in 1965 by unveiling a Chinese strategy for world revolution which envisioned "the countryside"—representing the Third-World nations—as "surrounding the cities"—representing the industrial powers—"and suffocating them." He had extolled Mao as China's "Great Helmsman," a "genius of the world revolution" who had raised Marxism-Leninism to "a peak." When Mao gave the public signal to start the nationwide Cultural Revolution, at dawn one August morning in 1966, before a million

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young Chinese massed in Tien An Men Square, it was Lin Piao who provided the reckless rhetoric. The little books of *Chairman Mao's Thoughts*, covered with brilliant red plastic, which every girl and boy clasped, had been edited and published by Lin. He was a principal stage-manager of the wild struggle which thereafter blew up in the streets and factories, all but shattered the party and state apparatus, drove scholars from the universities and reduced an already threadbare society to near destitution.

A year and a half ago, in mid-September 1971, Lin Piao, Mao's presumptive successor, followed Liu Shao-ch'i unseen and unheard to Communism's garbage heap. But in Lin's case there had been no prefatory public assault on his character and thinking, such as had preceded the liquidation of Liu. Liu had been attacked variously as "a scab," "a renegade," "a hidden traitor," and "a political swindler." By contrast, Lin's fall was precipitous and had the air of sudden crisis. Moreover, five other senior members of the Politburo disappeared at the same time as he: the Chief of Staff of the armed forces, Marshal Huang Yung-sheng; the army's Chief of Logistics, Marshal Ch'iu Hui-tso; the navy's senior political commissar, Admiral Li Tso-p'eng; the air force commander, Marshal Wu Fa-hsien; and Lin's wife, Yeh Ch'un, a member of the Politburo's Military Affairs Committee and of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

Whatever the hidden event that brought all these people to an untimely end, whether plot or counterplot, purge or power struggle, their fate was not officially revealed until ten months after the event. A terse statement issued by the Chinese embassy in Algiers asserted that Lin Piao had perished on September 12, in a plane crash in Outer Mongolia while in flight from his native land after being foiled in an attempt to assassinate Chairman Mao.

EVEN NOW, a year and a half after the event—whatever it was—the reasons for Lin Piao's disappearance and the fact that he and the other five Politburo members are dead have never been straightforwardly divulged to the Chinese people. Nor have any additional details been vouchsafed the outer world, other than were supplied by Mao Tse-tung and Premier Chou En-lai in snatches of studied conversation with foreign visitors some months ago. Whenever Lin Piao and the others are alluded to in the Chinese press, it is never by name—only obliquely and as "political swindlers," "swindlers of the Liu-type," "agents of imperialists, revisionists, and reactionaries abroad," and as a "conspiratorial clique" that engaged in "illicit relations with foreign governments."

Kissinger's Chinese hosts never supplied him with so much as a hint of the momentous events in the making around them.

OTHERWISE nothing concrete, or positive. It is a masterpiece of inscrutability maintained under what must be—say, by Watergate standards in the American political experience—unimaginable pressure. From the viewpoint of China-watchers, not the least engrossing feature of the Lin Piao affair is that it blew up and was seemingly brought under control during the 14 weeks' span between Dr. Henry Kissinger's first visit to Peking, July 9 to 11, when arrangements for President Nixon's state visit were put in train, and his second, on October 20. Kissinger's Chinese hosts never supplied him with so much as a hint of the momentous events in the making around them, hospitable as they were in all other respects. Nor was the subject mentioned during the President's week-long conversations with the Chinese leaders in February 1972. It all brings to mind Churchill's marvelous metaphor in the presence of the founding Communist conspiracy—"a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." The Japanese have been politely reminding Americans for some time that Chinese politics, even more than other Asian politics, tend to be difficult to penetrate. Messrs. Nixon and Kissinger have elected, not without risk, to ignore the riddle for the experience of savoring the elementary pleasures of seeming to rediscover a misplaced fraction of the human race.

That attitude has made easier the task of Peking's propagandists. Not that they needed much help. The Peking Communists are in a class by themselves in the art of making friends and influencing non-Communist nations. Their "revisionist" brethren in the Moscow bloc would have given their eyeteeth for the approving press which the Chinese have harvested simply by parting the Bamboo Curtain a trifle, and being discreet in what was said and shown to visitors. China has, for the time being, lost its former menace. It has taken on, in most quarters, an agreeable aspect—the outward look of a bustling egalitarian Shangri-La, solicitously tended by commissars as coolly detached as IBM executives and served by a diligent, thrifty, tidy, and dutiful proletariat, rural and urban.

The columnist Joseph Alsop, who seldom had a good word for John Foster Dulles, was moved to lament in Peking our not having at the head of U.S. foreign affairs, a statesman endowed with "the honesty," "the true and accurate" mind of a Chou En-lai. Indeed, by the time Mr. Alsop got back to Washington (January 1973), he was convinced that Nixon and Kissinger had privately forged a "tacit alliance" with the Peking regime against the Soviet Union. And the economist John Kenneth Galbraith, who draws no visible comfort from American prospects in any respect, took his leave from China last fall echoing the jubilant cry of Lincoln Steffens on first glimpsing the Russia of the Bolsheviks: "I have seen the future—and it works." It is small wonder that a kind of euphoric China-mania has swept through the American press and public.

Few non-Communist Chinese would place so simple-minded a judgment on the talents of Chou En-lai, which are undoubtedly masterful and diverse, and never exercised to deadlier effect, perhaps, than in the Lin Piao business. Nor, if they live in Singapore or on Taiwan, would they find much that is heartwarming in the vistas of single-minded, unremitting toil that impressed the Harvard economist. What Galbraith hailed as the Chinese future was actually the Chinese continuum—*the past that still works*, on Taiwan even far more productively (by all conventional economic measurements) than on the Mainland. In the Communist communes, no less than in the villages of the imperial dynasties, the human toil goes on, as it has gone on unceasingly through four millennia of famine, pes-

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tilence, pillage, and despotism. What is much more pertinent is the precise character of the Communist content in the Chinese future, and this hinges on the consequence of the Lin Piao affair, the circumstances that brought on the showdown—there had to be one—and the effect of Lin's downfall on the balance of the conspiratorial power around Chairman Mao, on the elusive, enigmatic Chou En-lai, and on the army.

THAT Lin Piao is dead is now universally accepted. Few professional China-watchers believe the rest of the Peking scenario, however. A persisting theory is that Lin was probably murdered in China. The mystery in the riddle is that the regime, a year and a half after the event, has been unwilling to fill the posts that Lin and the other vanished leaders occupied. For several years we have been told by anonymous American officials and journalists that the Peking regime is steeled for a sudden devastating nuclear blow from the Soviet forces deployed on China's northern frontier. Yet the Chinese forces have been left all this time without a formally designated defense minister, a chief of the general staff, an air force commander, a matériel chief for the army, and a political adviser for the navy. A feeble septuagenarian guerrilla leader has been brought out of retirement and given token command of the armed forces—an expediency that suggests an internal political impasse rather than a military emergency.

As matters presently stand, authority over the Chinese military forces, as well as over the government bureaucracy and the party cadres, rests in the hands of two aging and durable revolutionaries—Chairman Mao, now 79, and Premier Chou En-lai, 75. These two together have directed and shared the fortunes of Chinese Communists for a full half-century. And now for reasons known only to them, the succession remains a blank.

Does this mean, at the very least, that the regime, for all the surface calm, is so divided that the leadership is unable to agree upon a successor for Mao? Or even whether the succession should pass, as in the Soviet model, to a small collegium inside the Politburo? Chou En-lai in talks with American newspaper editors hinted that Lin Piao tried to seize the succession after it had been withdrawn from him. And Mao Tse-tung, in a private talk last July in Peking with French Foreign Minister Schumann, implied that the primary cause for the falling out was a disagreement between him and Lin over the proper role of the army in the conduct of state policies.

Mao and Chou know, of course, what happened to Lin Piao. They allow the riddle surrounding his fall to persist because—obviously—it would be embarrassing to the new "line" that China wishes to pursue at this juncture to have it known why Mao's intended successor had turned against him. It is becoming increasingly clear, from the evidence accumulating in different quarters, that the Lin Piao affair, while partly a struggle for power, essentially was concerned with the uses of power—investment priorities as between agriculture and war industry; the balance to be struck in a strategy aimed at holding off a wrathful Russia and luring in a United States eager for detente; the incentives to be offered to a restless peasantry; and, finally, the question of whether the army was to run the party or the other way around. Considering what we Americans seem to be getting into, the riddle deserves some careful inquiry.

LIN PIAO was 14 years younger than Mao, and eight years younger than Chou En-lai when, at Mao's direction, at the 1969 Party Congress, he was elected Vice Chairman of the Central Committee and designated Mao's successor in the place of the doomed Liu Shao-ch'i. By then, though, Lin was already 64. He was in poor health besides, in consequence of war wounds that had left him tubercular. For him to be chosen thus over scores of more vigorous and much better educated leaders was a sign of the high favor he enjoyed in Chairman Mao's eyes. Mao did not necessarily overvalue him by Mao's own standards. The evidence suggests—and this could be one of the keys to the riddle—that after the crisis enveloped him, the Great Helmsman, as most astute politicians do when matters start to go wrong, elected to call for an abrupt change in course.

In the embarrassing aftermath of the Great Leap, there was a long interval, lasting from late 1957 into 1967, when Mao needed Lin Piao. That ill-begotten experiment saw some 100 million peasant families herded into supposedly self-sustaining communes where, under Mao's theory of the "mass line," their aggregate output would generate a surplus of grain and rice to be exchanged in the world market for the machinery China needed in order to be industrialized. Most of Mao's peers in the party, and most emphatically Liu Shao-ch'i, were sure that this would bring on disaster. Collectivization, they argued, on the strength of the Soviet experience, should wait until industry was able to provide the peasantry adequately with tools, tractors, sewing machines, bicycles, and electricity. Mao rode roughshod over the opposition—and by the first harvest China was on the edge of famine and stagnation.

Mao, the organizer of the catastrophe, never took public responsibility for the outcome. The blame was attributed to a "misunderstanding" of his directives and the "inexperience" and "bad management in the lower echelons." Out of sight, though, a breach opened up in the party's highest echelons. The Defense Minister, Marshal P'eng Teh-huai, one of the close "comrades in arms" of the Long March, upbraided Mao for being "despotic and dictatorial," and accused him of falsifying output figures. Mao, in his own defense, protested that he was best at making revolution. "I am absolutely no good at construction, and I don't understand industrial planning," he told his peers. He resigned from the chairmanship of the state secretariat, a party organ charged with the day-to-day supervision of the governing machinery, and withdrew from conspicuous leadership in order to devote more effort to "Marxist-Leninist theoretical work" and to ponder the "direction, policy, and line of the party and the state." Marshal P'eng, however, paid for his brashness with his job, and before yielding the reins to Liu Shao-ch'i, Mao had him replaced with his protégé, Lin Piao.

For a supposed "utopian socialist," a political moralist, and a Romantic revolutionary, Mao has a practical view of the role of military power in politics, and Lin, as the foremost Maoist, shared that view. Mao has always paid lip service to the conventional Communist tenet that "the party commands the gun," but as a man of power he never looked upon the party as a repository of wisdom. For him, the army from the start was the elementary means of seizing and holding power, and that judgment was given expression in his

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maxim "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun." Lin's task was to bind the People's Liberation Army to Mao; to promote Maoism ahead of the simple conventional military professionalism. Lin's forte was propaganda; the political indoctrination of the troops. During the nine years that Mao bided his time in the wings, Lin saw to it through his regiments of commissars that the ranks were kept steeped in Mao thought, that the army cultivated "a revolutionary spirit," and that the masses were made to "learn from the People's Army."

All the passengers on Communism's ship of state could be sure of was that the Great Helmsman was giving them a wild ride.

THE Cultural Revolution was, first of all, a vehicle for Mao's return to absolute power, and Lin Piao prepared and steered the vehicle. Mao's declared target was the party and state bureaucracies, but his hidden target was Liu Shao-ch'i, the man who had shouldered him away from the levers of power. The horrendous charge finally raised against Liu was that he and the other moderate Marxists, who for six fairly quiet and increasingly productive years had run China through a small collegium inside the Politburo, had emphasized "production" at the expense of Maoist revolutionary politics, and had allowed an arrogant bureaucracy to become "divorced from the people." It was Mao's intention, after the party and state bureaucracies both had been purged and the smoke had cleared, to revive the communes and galvanize the masses into another Great Leap, but this time the bounds were to be somewhat shorter. "Destruction must precede construction," was Mao's password on the eve of the Cultural Revolution. The mobs of Red Guards and "Little Generals" were commanded to extirpate "the monsters and demons" in the party and government and to "capture all positions."

Mao certainly carried his tactical objectives. Liu Shao-ch'i and the moderates around him were sent crashing down. Liu was howled out of office as "a counterrevolutionary," "a bourgeois revisionist," and "one who took the capitalist road" in scheming to set up "an independent kingdom." By the end of a tumultuous year, all but 36 of the 96 full members of the Central Committee had been hounded out of office, and only five of the 29 party provincial chiefs still were at their posts. In all, no less than a hundred thousand senior administrators in the central government machinery and a full million or more officials in the provincial bureaucracy, together with tens of thousands of scholars, scientists, and engineers, were sent "down to the countryside" to be "re-educated" in Mao thought and through the experience of physical labor in the so-called "May 7" work brigades run by the army.

If anything, Mao succeeded too well. Suddenly, no one was left to run the government, the public services, the universities, the communes, and the factories. As in the Great Leap, the routine of national life faltered and ground to a halt, in scenes of indescribable turmoil, and verging on civil war. The army itself seemed bafflingly uncertain of its role. In January 1967, Mao ordered the army to intervene on the side of the Red Guards. In some cities, soldiers joined in the street fighting. In others, however, the army garrisons broke up and scattered the rampaging mobs of young radicals. The explanation for this curious contradiction was some time in materializing. Premier Chou En-lai, who had cheered the start of the Cultural Revolution, himself came under attack. The Foreign Office, his personal kingdom, was put under siege. The Foreign Minister, the venerable Chen Yi, one of the founding Communists, was denounced in a kangaroo court as "a thug" and driven from his office. Chou was finally compelled, if only to keep the essential state machinery functioning, to intercede on behalf of his senior lieutenants whose heads the mobs were calling for. Then, too, most of the old marshals, the party elders, together with the majority of the powerful eleven regional military commanders, had little stomach for using troops in the liquidation of other Communists whose only offense was to try to preserve a measure of order. Thus a common self-interest operated to bring about an undeclared but increasingly effective defensive alliance between Chou En-lai and the surviving party and state professionals on the one hand, and the military professionals on the other.

It was another extremely awkward time for Mao. The Red Guards, although they had brought him back to power, had to be curbed; and there was no hiding his responsibility for turning them loose. His former speechwriter, private secretary, and Number One apologist, Ch'en Po-ta, was chairman of the Cultural Revolution Group that whipped on the Red Guards. Mao's wife, Mme. Chiang Ch'ing, was Ch'en's principal deputy in that directorate. She had actually called for "arming the masses" against the army units that were putting down the Red Guards. Mao's escape from the dilemma was characteristic; without actually proclaiming an end to his lunatic enterprise, he reversed his orders to the army. Now it was commanded, in the fall of 1967, to restore order, and impose martial law where necessary. At that stage, the army was the only organization that still possessed the discipline and means for re-establishing central authority; and the inevitable result as its units were deployed across all China was that the army began to function as a de facto government.

But the army, because of the factionalism in its officer ranks, Maoists against professionals, was itself split. The device for filling the vacuum in the governing apparatus was a new bureaucracy of so-called Revolutionary Committees, set up first at the provincial and municipal levels, to be staffed in equal parts by military officers, "veteran" party cadres, and Maoist radicals. These higher echelons were to appoint like district and local committees that would take over the management of rural communes and factories. The system, when introduced, was intended to last only long enough to restore quiet to the provinces, and prepare the ground for the organizing party's congress, which would elect a new Central Committee and Politburo, which would in their turn set about reconstructing a new administrative bureaucracy for the central government, one more responsive to Mao's wishes. Mao wanted these new organs of power to be ready and functioning by January 1969. The last committee was not in place until August 1971, and by then it was becoming clear to the Chinese Communist leaders, if not to the rest

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of the world, that the maneuvering for power inside and around the army was entering a deadly phase.

On the surface, China seemed finally to have emerged from the nightmare. When the Ninth Party Congress assembled at Peking, in April 1969, the same Congress which would name Lin Piao as Mao's successor-designate, the protégé seemed to be well in control of the situation, with Chairman Mao's blessings, however uneasy, and with the army's apparent support. Of the 25 members elected on the occasion to the Politburo, four of the five military members, other than Lin Piao himself, were known to be Lin's men. (They were the same four who were later liquidated with him.) Moreover, the two junior members of the Politburo's new five-man standing committee, where Lin, as the new Vice Chairman of the Central Committee, ranked between Mao and Chou En-lai, had both been leagued with him in the overthrow of the previous committee—the propagandist Ch'en Po-ta and the head of the state police, K'ang Sheng, another septuagenarian revolutionary. Finally, the new Central Committee, itself doubled in size, was overwhelmingly dominated by military men. The crucial fact that was not yet fully in sight and one that would presently bring on the breach was that Lin was beginning to lose control of the army.

From this point on, the intrigue is difficult to track, and the key moves become lost in the webs of conspiracy and counter-conspiracy spun by the principal actors. Inasmuch as the revolutionary committees after 1968 emerged as the *only* government in the provinces and districts, it became self-evident that whichever faction should gain control of these bodies would control the party and state bureaucracies as they were rebuilt. Lin's strategy was to infiltrate the committees with Maoist commissars from the army who could be counted upon to side with the civilian radicals. Either during or immediately after the Ninth Congress, Mao became suspicious that his protégé had no intention of returning the dominant power to the party's civilian arm, let alone to him. At the first Central Committee Plenum after the April Congress, probably at the persuasion of Chou En-lai, Mao took the army representatives on the new Revolutionary Committees to task for being "arrogant," "crude and careless," and "harboring bureaucratic airs" in their "work style," and for "arresting too many people."

Then, over the span of more than a year, through a succession of carefully orchestrated actions, Mao undertook to isolate and diminish his protégé. To start with, the Directorate that had engineered and whipped on the Cultural Revolution from Peking was gingerly abolished late in 1969. Some months later, in March 1970, according to party documents that came into possession of Western intelligence long after the event, Mao moved inside party councils to have struck from the draft constitution a provision that would have revived the ceremonial post of Chairman of the regime, left vacant since the expulsion of Liu Shao-ch'i. As such, Mao would have reigned as the Great Sage of Marxism-Leninism-Maoism while Lin, as his heir-designate, ran the party through the army. But in 1970, having decided to edge Lin out of the succession, it was essential to Mao's continuing political influence that his authority as Chairman of the party remain paramount until Chou En-lai could be re-established as de facto head of the emerging government. Mao's propositions were formally accepted at the Second Party Plenum, at Lushan, in August 1970. In the course of that meeting, Lin's foremost civilian collaborator in the Cultural Revolution, Ch'en Po-ta, his mouthpiece and Mao's, was privately purged, never to make another public announcement. When next Ch'en's existence was noted in party polemics, never again by name, it was as the "sham Marxist" and "a little, little ordinary person." Finally, in another move even more ominous for Lin's fading prospects, Mao purged the Peking Military Region high command, the most strategically important command in China, of Lin's generals, and thereby snuffed out the political and military power base that was central to Lin's claim to the succession.

ABOUT all that most of the other passengers on Communism's careening ship of state could be sure about, at this juncture, was that the Great Helmsman was giving them a wild ride. While Lin Piao was on the bridge, the zig was hard left. Now with Chou En-lai plotting the course the zag was hard right. The purging of the purgers had filled the army's "re-education" work brigades to overflowing with millions of chastened and deserted Red Guards. Against Liu, the charge was "rightist revisionism." Against Lin it was "leftist," even "ultra-leftist deviationism." And the Maoist cry of "redness" over "expertise" had been replaced once again with the maxim of "professionalism" over revolutionary fervor.

All the same, the situation was a precarious one for Mao. To begin with there was the irony that the bureaucracy through which he now had to work was far less biddable than the one whose destruction he had ordered. Such parts of the army apparatus as remained under Lin Piao's control were not at all disposed to step aside to make way for a return of "veteran" party cadres. In the Revolutionary Committees that separately governed China's 29 provinces, two-thirds of the chairmen and two-thirds of the vice chairmen were generals. The same ratio prevailed,

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moreover, among the emerging provincial party committees; and in some provinces the same general held both posts. What Mao could not be sure about was how many of these commanders stood with Lin Piao. There is evidence that Mao and Chou in the spring and summer of 1971 were apprehensive of the high risk of civil war and were resolved to avoid a collision course with the army, if they could.

THAT risk notwithstanding, they decided to begin easing the army out of its governing role and return it to its normal business. The army's political department, source of Lin's supply of radical commissars, was moved under a field commander, General Li Teh-sheng, a centrist. Soon afterward a number of the ultraradical commissars whom Lin had implanted in the Revolutionary Committees at the provincial and district levels were edged out, to be replaced by experienced party or administrative officials who were being quietly recalled to authority by Chou En-lai and the moderate regional military commanders. It was while engrossed in such a delicate unraveling process that Mao in late August and early September toured the Nanking, Canton, and Shanghai Military Region commands. His ostensible purpose was to denounce "conspiracies and intrigues." But the main thing on his mind, it later developed, was to rally support in the event of a showdown with Lin, and to persuade the commanders, as he himself put it, that "you should concern yourself with military matters." That secret road trip put in train the strange event, or rather series of events, that still mystify the world.

By the second week of September, Peking began to fill up with visitors from the provinces who were to take part in the mass celebration on October 1, the anniversary of the founding of the People's Republic. On September 10, foreigners in Peking observed a quickening of activity in and about the main government buildings. An important and secret gathering of senior leaders seemed to be starting. Next day, the eleventh, a delegation of Japanese, in the capital for a long-standing audience with Chou En-lai, was informed that the appointment was being moved back five days, the Premier's presence being required elsewhere because of "an important matter." The following afternoon, at about four o'clock, Mao returned to Peking from Shanghai. Earlier that afternoon foreigners had counted an unusually large number of cars, at least three score, drawn up in front of the Great Hall of the People. The meeting continued past midnight, into the early morning hours of the 13th. Next afternoon, there was an even larger gathering inside the Great Hall and again the meeting went on past midnight. And there was a third and final meeting on the 14th, which also lasted into the small hours.

By then, the foreign community knew that most of the members of the Politburo, which then numbered about 25, and perhaps half of the Central Committee, with a nominal membership of more than two hundred, and various illustrious personages had participated in the session. What they did not know and what the Communist leaders knew before they disbanded was that Lin Piao was done for, and that a medium-range air force jet transport, which had fled China, had crashed in Outer Mongolia and all the persons aboard were dead. Mao and Chou must have ordered that these dire happenings be kept secret as long as possible, if only because the best face that could be put on the events would hardly disguise the fact that the regime was riven. Worse still, Chou En-lai's delicate negotiations for President Nixon's visit and for China's entry into the United Nations were on the verge of being completed, and the Lin Piao affair would scarcely enhance China's respectability.

The China-watchers, though still in the dark about what was actually afoot, realized that a crisis of the first magnitude was at the flash point. On the 13th, the day after Mao returned to Peking, a Japanese monitoring station picked up a Peking radio broadcast *en clair* ordering all military units to remain at their posts and canceling all leaves. Early the next morning, the 14th, the same Japanese station overheard another Chinese broadcast ordering the grounding of all planes, civil and military. As the day wore on, the fact of a complete shutdown of air operations across China became apparent. The frequencies routinely used by the control towers for the flow of weather and flight information to the air fields went dead.

Two hours or so before first light, on the morning of the 13th, one of the keys to the mystery passed to the Outer Mongolians and their Soviet allies. At about 3 A.M. local time, some 160 miles inside the Mongolian frontier, at about the time Peking was ordering the grounding of planes, a British-built Trident jet transport, which normally carries a crew of three and some eight score passengers, slanted down through the night, to attempt a forced landing on the open grasslands. The jet ended up a flaming wreck on the rough terrain; the nine persons aboard perished. The plane was on a direct course to Irkutsk, in Soviet Russia, and its 2,500-mile range should have taken it there easily, had it not run short of gas and been compelled to attempt an emergency landing.

Lin's jet ended up a flaming wreck; the nine persons aboard perished. The plane was on a direct course to Russia.

SEVENTEEN days would pass before the Russians would reveal these grisly details, and twenty before the Peking regime would acknowledge the plane was Chinese. All over China, the press and the newspapers continued to grind out the usual dull party propaganda. But in Peking people were remarking that no member of the Politburo had shown himself in public for days; that the parade formation that had been practicing for the National Day events had vanished from the streets, and carpenters were dismantling the grandstands. Then on the 19th, the government announced tersely that the National Day celebration was being canceled. A day later, Madame Mao and Chou En-lai put in a brief appearance at a banquet. That was a signal that the two of them had emerged from the emergency at the top of the Politburo with Mao, whatever that emergency had been.

The breaking of the silence, when it finally came, came from Moscow, which must have relished the honor. At 9:30 A.M. on the morning of September 30, Radio Moscow in its English broadcast quoted a Tass dispatch from Ulan Bator, capital of Outer Mongolia, that

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reported the Montsame News Agency, the Mongolian state service, had made the following extraordinary revelation: "On the night of September 12-13, a jet airplane belonging to the People's Republic of China violated the air space of the Mongolian People's Republic and, continuing its flight deep into the country's territory, crashed, for unknown causes, in the area of Henteiaimak.

"The charred bodies of nine people, firearms, documents, and equipment—pointing to the plane's belonging to the PRC air force—were found at the place where the plane crashed."

This dispatch concluded with a statement that members of the Chinese embassy in Ulan Bator had been offered means to visit the scene of the crash and that the Mongolian government had asked for an explanation of the unauthorized intrusion. On the same day, the principal newspaper in Ulan Bator, *Unen*, added a few additional details. By its account, the Chinese jet crossed the Mongolian border at 1:55 A.M. on the morning of the 13th and crashed about one hour later, some 160 miles inside Mongolia.

THE Russians, by sitting on their stupendous piece of intelligence for more than a fortnight, were playing a cat-and-mouse game with a rattled Chinese leadership. Their object was to force the Chinese into revealing the names of the dead passengers and to admit thereby that for some high-placed Chinese the Soviet Union was still a close ally. A reporter for the New China News Agency, Hsinhua, on being questioned about the Tass report at a reception in his embassy in Tokyo, answered testily that a Chinese civilian transport had become lost and strayed into Mongolia. He found it difficult to understand why the Russians had brought up the subject at all. "The incident," he said, "had already been settled."

In Peking, the authorities waited two days before acknowledging loss of the Trident. Finally on October 3, came a perfunctory statement that a civilian transport had lost its way and crashed in Outer Mongolia. There was no admission, however, that anyone of consequence was aboard. The Chinese were now maneuvering to turn the situation to their own advantage. The Russians were almost certainly aware of the power struggle inside the Chinese hierarchy, and were no doubt on the lookout for some clues as to Lin Piao's fate. If the Russians had recognized Lin's body in the wreckage, it would have been very much to *their* advantage to exploit the implication that Mao's own successor-designate had come to side with the Soviet Union and that powerful groups in the army must obviously share his view. The Russians also knew that a party of Chinese diplomats from the embassy in Ulan Bator had visited the Trident wreckage the day after the crash and buried the bodies. This group must have advised Peking that the bodies were, for the most part, unrecognizable; they could very well have decided at the scene that the Mongolian authorities and their Soviet colleagues were equally ignorant of the identities of the dead fugitives. Only on the basis of some such judgment would the Peking regime have chanced the course upon which it now embarked—a course that was developed with the utmost caution, and was a full year in the unfolding.

For the regime actually had a good deal more to cover up than what the Russians had come upon in Outer Mongolia. A few hours after the Trident destroyed itself, a second group of Lin Piao's cohorts attempted to flee Peking in a helicopter. By official, though restricted, accounts, the group included four of the most senior military commanders—General Huang Yung-sheng, Chief of the General Staff; General Wu Fa-hsien, Deputy Chief of Staff and commander of the air force; Admiral Li Tso-p'eng, Political Commissar of the navy; and General Ch'iu Hui-tso, Chief of Logistics for the army, the same four men who remain in the void with Lin. With the help of lieutenants they seized a military helicoper in Peking and tried to flee northwest toward Outer Mongolia. Their escape was foiled. In one official account, the machine was shot down and all aboard were killed; in another, the helicopter was forced to land and the officers were taken prisoner by the commander of the Peking garrison.

Chou En-lai, once again in command of foreign policy, was not at all disposed to furnish the West with any detailed revelation of the regime's emergency, with Dr. Kissinger due back in Peking in a few days. But the sudden disappearance of so many senior comrades had to be accounted for in some way to the army, the party cadres, and the tens of thousands of officials in the cities and the provinces. The strategy that was finally decided upon was to let the information seep through the Communist apparatus, principally by word of mouth, that Lin and his henchmen had engaged in a plot to kill Chairman Mao and seize power; they had been exposed by loyal comrades, had taken to flight, and had come, Lin with his wife, to a deserved ending for traitors in the fiery crash on Mongolian soil. That account depended on the inability of the Russians to prove that Lin and his people were *not* on the Trident.

A DOCUMENT dated September 18, put out by the Central Committee for confidential distribution to party officials in the highest echelons, which came much later into the possession of Western intelligence, made precisely these points in a general way. So the party line was being tentatively hammered out twelve days before the world was told of the crash of the Trident. The Russians now put out the information that the bodies in the Trident wreckage were all bodies of people *under* fifty. Lin Piao was 64, and that finding, if true would exclude him from being among the victims. By this gambit, the Russians hoped to force the Chinese into saying that Lin Piao was still in China, but not necessarily alive. But this was a shot in the dark. (The bodies, Premier Kosygin recently told Chancellor Brandt, were burned beyond recognition.)

It is not difficult to figure that such a scenario was welcome to Lin's "comrades in arms." The Chinese Communists have long claimed for themselves a certain humaneness in disposing of dissident or turncoat comrades. To be sure the civilities never did extend to landlords, imperialists, and enemies of the regime. A tolerable resolution of the dilemma, in terms of Chinese domestic politics as well as in Chou's delicate international maneuvers, required that Lin be convicted as a power-seeker and traitor, and that he come to a bad end by his own hand, far away.

Yet, because so much had to be left out, the party propagandists were a long time in making up their minds how to put together a story that would hold up. In fact, they were so slow that three days after the last meeting

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in the Great Hall, an edition of the *People's Daily*, the principal party newspaper, made a respectful reference to Marshal Lin as "deputy leader." Plainly, a sub-editor had not yet been given the party line. Word was so slow in seeping into the party apparatus in the hinterland that as late as October 8, a provincial broadcast spoke respectfully of the man and gave the impression that he was still in his high place.

ONE REASON for the confusion was that high officials continued to insist that Lin was still alive. However, by the end of October, the foreign intelligence services learned that the party central apparatus in Peking was systematically drilling regional leaders in what was to be presented as the official account of Lin's fate. The regional leaders were passing that account on to provincial leaders and they in turn were beginning to brief the local party cadres. Some of the early accounts floated quasi-officially were bizarre. According to one variation, Lin arranged with a member of his staff for a bomb to be planted in the compartment of a train in which Mao traveled between Shanghai and Peking. At the last moment, the accomplice lost his nerve and gave the plot away. In another version, an assassin slipped into Mao's house, but on coming face to face with his quarry, the man's resolution melted; the gun fell from his unnerved hand; he dropped to his knees and begged to be forgiven for his criminal enterprise. By yet a third account, Lin was betrayed to Chou En-lai by his own daughter, out of a devotion to Chairman Mao.

At the start of the fateful conclave of the Communist leadership in the Great Hall on September 12, Lin was lying low in a famous summer resort known as Peitaito, on the Yellow Sea, some 175 miles east of Peking. He was there with members of his family. The inference was that Lin, on getting wind of this meeting, realized that the jig was up. His son in the air force ordered up the Trident, but in the haste of the getaway the ground crew either failed to pump aboard a full supply of fuel, or else, out of reluctance to implicate themselves in a treasonable action, provided only a fraction of the needed load. Lending support to the intimation that the crew of the Trident were not willing accomplices in the escape was a report that the party from the Chinese embassy in Ulan Bator, on examining the bodies in the wreckage observed what looked to be bullet wounds on several of them. Another account quoted Mao Tse-tung, on being informed in the middle of the night that Lin had managed to escape in a jet, as having responded coolly, "Let him go. He won't go far." That suggested, of course, that Lin's treachery had not taken the air force entirely by surprise; loyal air men had booby-trapped the Trident.

With regard to outsiders, and most productively with regard to Dr. Kissinger, soon to be back in Peking, the regime's strategy was to dismiss the Lin Piao affair as a non-event. (Chou En-lai seems to have taken a shrewd assessment of the current U.S. approach to the world situation, which itself finds solace in non-events.) Foreign embassies were presently advised that the "political situation" no longer required mention of Lin's name in banquet toasts or formal salutations. Journalists who raised questions about Lin's absence during the Nixon visit were invited to address their attention to the relative merits of the Szechuan and Peking cuisines. And indeed, there was absolutely no official acknowledgement to foreigners that Lin had indeed died in the Trident, until Chairman Mao admitted this was so on July 29, 1972, in a private conversation with Foreign Minister Schumann of France and Mme. Bandaranaike, Prime Minister of Sri Lanka (Ceylon). As if Mao's remarks were intended to be a signal for surfacing of the party line, an official confirmation of the revelation was promptly forthcoming in a most unlikely place—the government newspaper *El Moudjahid* in Algiers. There the Chinese embassy, in a statement that was more a diatribe than a communiqué, excoriated Lin Piao as a "double-faced," "perverse," and "underhanded" character who was briefly able to "hoodwink the masses" and who actually tried to assassinate Mao with the object of "usurping the leadership of the party, the government, and the army." But this account gave no specific details of the plot itself.

Chou En-lai waited two months before coming forward with his version. For an audience he chose a delegation of 22 American editors on a tour of China in the wake of President Nixon. With them, Chou was his accustomed deft, urbane, and steely self. There was never any doubt, Chou insisted, about Lin's being among the dead in the Trident. Members of the staff of the Chinese embassy in Ulan Bator took photographs and buried the corpses. "Although the bodies were burned," he said, "they were not completely destroyed and it was still possible to identify them." Lin had "engaged in conspiracy" to make himself head of state, though he knew that he "could not really become the successor." Even so, there was not any intention to arrest Lin. Then, Chou went on, authorities, who had never been named, learned that Lin's son had ordered the Trident made ready. The command grounding all military planes reached the base commanders too late to stop the fugitives. The plane, with Lin and others aboard (Chou did not name them either), took off from Peitaito, where Lin had been staying in a summer bungalow. It was forced down because its fuel supply ran low. "There was an accidental factor," Chou summed up, "in his flight abroad and subsequent death."

One of the editors persisted with questions: It all still remained a jigsaw puzzle for his American mind. "What puzzle?" asked Chou. "There is no puzzle. I have told you everything." His account, he argued, was certainly clearer, and by inference more accurate, than the one presented by the Warren Commission on the assassination of President Kennedy.

It would be hard to top Chou's commentary as an example of brazen effrontery. He conceded little more about the all but mortal breach that had sundered the regime a whole year before than outside intelligence services had already guessed. The central questions were all left unanswered. Had the missing generals been aboard the Trident, with or without Lin? Did Lin actually try to kill Mao? How was the plot foiled? Who else was in the plot, be-

The door was open, the table set, and Lin's goose all but cooked well before Henry Kissinger arrived in Peking.

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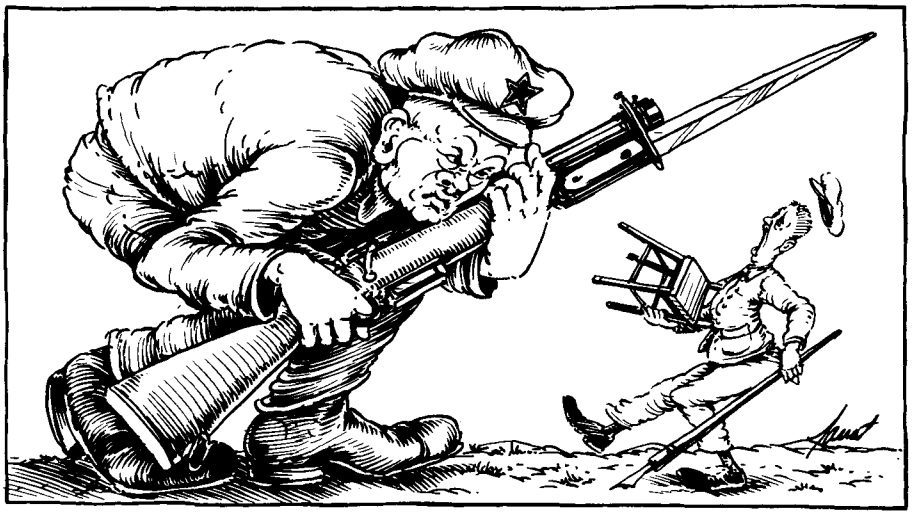

sides Lin, Lin's wife, and son, and the missing generals? How did the succession stand now, with two successor-designates rejected five years apart?

That Lin Piao attempted a coup d'etat, or had one in preparation, has been pretty well established circumstantially. A particularly fascinating piece of evidence is a document acquired about a year ago by the Nationalist intelligence services on Taiwan. It is a circular, dated March 17, 1972, that was distributed on the Mainland by the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party to acquaint senior cadres, on a confidential basis, with the details of "the counterrevolutionary coup" in which Lin, his wife, and son, and a number of military leaders were enlisted. The circular consists mostly of what the regime alleges to be excerpts from a rationale prepared by the plotters themselves, for an operation being developed under the code name "Five-Seven-One Engineering Project." By the party's account, the document was surrendered by a plotter who had turned contrite.

Curiously, the Chinese characters for the number Five-Seven-One, when spoken sound like *Wu Chi-i*, which means "armed coup." The Chinese are fond of puns, and there was immediate suspicion, after the document was exposed by the Nationalists, that they had fabricated it and been unable to resist adding a touch of mischief. As time went on, key phrases, even whole sentences from this and associated documents were spotted by China-watchers in discussions of obscure party politics over radio broadcasts and in newspaper editorials on the Mainland, without the documents being mentioned as source. However, that does not exclude the possibility that the "Five-Seven-One" paper may have been faked in the first place, or doctored in part, by the Communists themselves. Still, while one cannot be positive that the paper, in the form in which the West now possesses it, is accurate in detail, the general scenario of action which it sketches is probably close to the truth.

The immediate objective of the Five-Seven-One scheme was to capture Mao himself, seize control of the country, and regenerate the Cultural Revolution. "If we should . . . let the other side have its way," the plotters wrote, "there is no predicting how many heads would roll on the ground. Therefore a new power-seizure struggle is unavoidable." Certain forces and commands that the plotters believed they could depend on, and others whom they hoped later to enlist, are named. There was a confident estimate that the air force "can easily seize power over the whole country." All the same, an air of reasonableness pervades the paper. The author conceded that penetrating the tight wall of security that surrounds Mao would be hazardous—"our forces are not well prepared" and "it is difficult for us to create a united force." The case for moving swiftly was argued on the ground that Mao "is suspicious of us. So, instead of waiting passively for our fate, it would be better for us to take the great gamble."

How the operation was to develop is not described at all. It is stated in one place that the support of the Soviet Union would be forthcoming, and in another, that the Soviet military forces would provide "a pincer force in and outside" China, and the uprising could expect "temporary nuclear protection" by that country. The Peking regime has promoted the notion that Lin Piao was bent on taking China back into the Soviet bloc and heading off a rapprochement with the U.S. Last August, *Hung Chi*, the Central Committee's official organ, did in fact assert that there had been "an international background" to the plot and that it was "neither isolated nor fortuitous." Yet on the basis of the party's own internal communications, not to mention Chairman Mao's own accounts of his quarrel with Lin, the plan for the coup began to take shape soon after the Lushan confrontation in August 1970, nearly a year before Dr. Kissinger first called in Peking.

Actually, the China-watchers had a fairly reliable line on where Lin Piao stood in relationship to Chou En-lai on the question of foreign policy long before the Great Helmsman decided to drop the pilot. Lin was committed to the belief that China should present itself as the "revolutionary model" before the world. For the regime to spread a red carpet for Nixon while cold-shouldering Brezhnev would, Lin argued at a leadership meeting, offend revolutionary movements across the world. At the Ninth Party Congress, in 1969, he had denounced the U.S. as "the most ferocious enemy of the people of the whole world"; he had also damned the Soviet Union in language scarcely less scathing. Lin was as one with Mao and Chou on the point that the Soviet Union was a far more dangerous threat to China than the U.S. Where he differed from them was on the tactical question of just how flexible to be in ending China's diplomatic isolation and resuming relations with non-Communist nations.

For a satisfactory explanation of the falling out of veteran comrades in arms, and the reason why the old men of Yenan decided to welcome Richard Nixon, a relative newcomer, one has to look well beyond the foreign deviltry of Henry Kissinger, still a boy in Germany when Mao and Chou were getting settled in Yenan. Actually, the door to the regime was open, the table set, and Lin Piao's goose all but cooked well before Kissinger arrived in Peking. In principle, the immediate bone of contention was, as Mao has said, control of the armed forces. For years, while Lin Piao's star was in the ascendant, the party formula for the com-

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mand function stated that the army was "personally founded and led by Chairman Mao and directly commanded by Vice Chairman Lin." In October 1969, Mao had the language changed, in a public announcement to read: "founded and led personally by Chairman Mao and commanded directly by Chairman Mao and Vice Chairman Lin." Mao was to complain later, in conversations with military chiefs, that Lin insisted that command was exclusively his, under traditional military doctrine.

The point was a tricky one, to say the least. In any case, Mao had no choice but to resolve it against Lin for the urgent reason that the army, which by Mao's own brief had been charged with directing the "construction" or post-destruction phase of the Cultural Revolution, was showing itself to be utterly incapable of reviving the economy. As stated earlier, the vast purge of 1966-67 was intended to clear the ground for another try, but this time "voluntarily," at the Great Leap programs, in agriculture and small and middle-size industry. The advance to the new effort was indeed announced by no other than Chou En-lai in May 1969, in the form of guidelines to "Chairman Mao's New Economic Line." As before, the agricultural communes were to render themselves self-sufficient in machinery; their surpluses would finance the central budget, the bulk of which was to go to defense industries—a division of capital presented in the current Peking vocabulary in terms of allocations between "electronics" and "steel," between the higher military technologies and the simpler producer goods.

Again as in the Great Leap, the peasantry faltered, lost hope; and the army was unable to achieve production quotas. At the Lushan meeting in August 1970, Mao and Chou were finally able to persuade the moderates in the army leadership to relinquish management of the factories, the communes, and the essential public services to experienced civilian administrators who were being rehabilitated. That timely backtracking by Mao on a vast program of his own lunatic inspiration further undermined Lin Piao's grip on the revolutionary committees and no doubt intensified in him a feeling of desperation.

What we foreign devils still don't know for sure is the particular act of treachery into which Lin was driven by this desperation. Here the regime's accounts, as noted earlier, are all of second- and third-hand origin, and they come in different versions. Lin Piao was last seen in public on June 3, at a reception for a foreign envoy. His wife, Yeh Ch'un, was not seen after July 11. An even more puzzling sign, considering what must had been in train, was the absence, on August 1, of the statement in the party journals which he as the Defense Minister would have supplied by custom in celebration of Army Day. The gossip in Peking then was than he was ill and convalescing with his family at the summer resort at Peitaito.

Was Lin under house arrest at the time? What brought Mao back to Peking from Shanghai so suddenly on the afternoon of September 12, for the emergency meeting of the party leaders the most remote of whom obviously had to be rounded up many hours before? Had Chou En-lai come into information about a plot to kill Mao? Or did Chou simply argue that they all had to get rid of Lin at once, if they were to save themselves? The gathering in the Great Hall of the People was manifestly called for a weighing of Lin Piao's fate. That company surely included some of the world's most consummate conspirators. It would be naive to believe that the security police would not have had Lin Piao under tight surveillance at that juncture. Had he in fact been summoned to the meeting, to face the music? Could he have been murdered there, in the Great Hall of the People, or afterward, or at Peitaito? That is the heart of the mystery. Who then, were the nine who escaped in the Trident? They could have been Lin Piao's air force son and brother officers close to him.

THE hard fact is that on the day, as the saying goes, only Mao and Chou among all the 800 million Chinese had all the master switches under their hands. There was no uprising. If so much as a corporals' guard rose up to save Lin, the West never heard. "Five-Seven-One" was no call for general revolt; it was only a scenario for a palace coup. That is not to say, however, that it was never more than a bluff. By conservative count, at least a third of the three hundred senior generals and admirals in the Chinese armed forces have vanished, without explanation, since the September incidents: They were presumably purged as participants in the "conspiratorial clique." Seven of the 29 provincial military leaders (in Kinkiang, Kweichow, Kiangsi, Chekiang, Szechuan, Ningsia, and Heilungkiang), and more than thirty of the general staff and regional commanders are among the missing. Practically all of the remaining senior officers have made public "self-criticism." In the topmost party echelons, barely 16 of the 29 members of the Politburo elected only four years ago are mentioned nowadays in party papers, and of these three are octogenarians whose public duties are ceremonial, and the fourth, Marshal Yeh Chien-ying, is a chair-warmer.

CHOU EN-LAI, though he defers to Mao on policy matters, is increasingly in command of the central government and is also operating as de facto Secretary General of the CCP. He is the most durable Communist of the twentieth century. Kissinger has described him as "very subtle," and has even likened him to de Gaulle, who was anything but subtle. These illgaited compliments doubtless attempt to recognize Chou as the only world-minded counselor in Mao's entire retinue. But the judgment hardly does Chou justice. He is a revolutionary of all seasons of terror, conspiracy and upheaval, a master trimmer, leader's man, Mikoyan in the Asian order. In the CCP's founding days in the street wars of Shanghai, Chou, a French-educated Mandarin's son, was a more ruthless and more redoubtable foe of the young Chiang Kai-shek than was Mao, the peasant who had been a library clerk. Mao has withdrawn into shadows where the wire-pulling is less noticeable and becomes less and less the Great Helmsman and more and more the Great Sage. Meanwhile, the denigration of Lin Piao goes on unslackened. Mao is thought to be running that. Blame for the failure of Mao's New Economic Line in 1969-70, like the failure of the Great Leap a decade earlier, is attributed to bungling by Lin Piao and others whose "overzealous implementation" of Mao's policies brought on the collapse of the communes. Mao's wife, Chiang Ch'ing, who at the height of the Cultural Revolution called for transforming Peking into one vast commune and for arming the Red Guards against the army, has

(Continues on page 646)

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RUSSELL KIRK

Roots of Our Order

RECENTLY I finished writing a fat book entitled *The Roots of American Order*, which will not be published until some months from now. My study deals with both institutions and ideas; it is not primarily a "great books" treatment.

But because people often inquire of me what books they ought to read, for a fuller understanding of the foundations of the Republic whose bicentenary we begin to celebrate, I set down below the principal seminal writings upon which I touch in my book. To understand these adequately, of course, some good works of commentary and exposition are desirable; but I haven't space for the latter on this page.

First, read the Old Testament—particularly Genesis, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah I, Micah, Jeremiah, Isaiah II. The moral order (however decayed) that we know today commenced with the Children of Israel.

Second, read Plato's *The Republic* and *The Laws*; Aristotle's *Ethics* and his *Politics*; and Plutarch's *Lives of the Noble Greeks and Romans*—with especial attention to his life of Solon. In Christianity, this classical heritage blends with the Hebraic patrimony.

Third, read Cicero's *Republic* and his *Offices*; and Marcus Aurelius' *Meditations*. The high old Roman virtue, and Roman concepts of the natural law, underlie much that still moves us.

Fourth, read the New Testament, and St. Augustine's *City of God*. Jefferson notwithstanding, ours was a Christian nation, and in part is such still.

Fifth, read Dante's *Divine Comedy*, perhaps in Dorothy Sayers' translation, to apprehend something of the medieval synthesis, the "high dream" that contrasts with the low dream of our century.

Sixth, read Pico della Mirandola's *Oration on the Dignity of Man*, for an understanding of the aspirations of the Renaissance; and Richard Hooker's *Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, for the best that came out of the English Reformation.

Seventh, as for the seventeenth century, read Thomas Hobbes's *Leviathan* to understand what the American order is *not*. Read John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* to understand the Puritan conscience: Read John Locke's *Second Treatise on Civil Government* to understand Whiggery.

Eighth, for the eighteenth century, in America, read something of the New England Puritans, and something of Jonathan Edwards; and Benjamin Franklin's autobiography.

Ninth, for eighteenth-century direct influences upon American convictions, read Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws;* something of David Hume—his *History of England*, if possible; something of Sir William Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Constitution of England*; and Edmund Burke's great speech "Conconciliation with America."

Tenth, for the background of the Constitution, read (despite its length) John Adams' *Defense of the Constitutions of Government of the United States*; and the *Federalist Papers.*

Eleventh, for the best analysis of the early Republic, read Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. For the most interesting criticism of the American order in the middle of the nineteenth century, read Orestes Brownson's *American Republic*. For the most perceptive European commentary on American society in recent years, read Julian Marías—the new book called *America in the Fifties and Sixties* (edited by Michael A. Rockland, Pennsylvania State University Press, $9.50).

SO YOU HAVE your work cut out for you. I am not saying that these are the most important books in the history of civilization—although some of them happen to be such; rather, I am suggesting that these books did more to help form the American personal and social order than did others. Nor am I saying that events develop out of books; rather, books contribute to the development of events, or reflect those events. (Locke did not establish the supremacy of Parliament, and Cicero didn't invent natural law.) Still, as Coleridge tells us, ideas do move the world, however dimly most people perceive those ideas.

Some people will object that I have omitted from my list some of the greatest intellects—St. Thomas Aquinas, for example. True; but I am considering here the writers who most directly influenced American concepts of order in the soul and order in the commonwealth. Doubtless it is a pity that Aquinas had next to no direct influence upon the founders of the American Republic, but it was so. (There was some indirect influence, however, through Richard Hooker and others.)

Among recent books concerned with American social virtues and social vices, historically considered, I commend especially Daniel Boorstin's two-volume essay *The Americans*, and Rowland Berthoff's *An Unsettled People: Social Order and Disorder in American History*. For the most lively account of the modern (that is, post-medieval) European roots of our society, read the three volumes of Egon Freidel's *Cultural History of the Modern Age*. Look into Christopher Dawson's many historical books, if you can; and into Eric Voegelin's *Order and History.*

I DOUBT somewhat that much attention will be paid to all these old and new writings, during the confused bicentenary celebrations that are almost upon us. Already we are singing the praises of firebrands like Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry—who distinctly were not contemplative types. Yet the American Republic was not created by such as they; indeed, it was established despite such enthusiasts.

At the end of the Civil War, Orestes Brownson wrote that the mission of the American Republic is to reconcile liberty with law: "In other words, its mission is to bring out in its life the dialectic union of authority and liberty, of the natural rights of man and those of society. . . . The American Republic has been instituted by Providence to realize the freedom of each with advantage to the other." That mission cannot be understood unless we pay attention to the roots of our social order.

Drop Tom Paine, friends, and take up Cicero. □

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Arts & Manners

The GIMLET EYE

D. KEITH MANO

Fortune Tellers

Torrents backed me into a storefront doorway. Red Hook, Brooklyn: lousy place for strange doorways. I was 17: a rookie cement salesman. Something closed on my leg. I leaped, spastic, half-rooted, one foot in the air. Scared. It was a nude male child, tongue out, bare feet standing on my salesman's shoe-shine: bronzed and grotesque as a suburban lawn ornament. But what disconcerted me—I was abruptly in a living room. It alarms the senses: to be, unaware, immersed in someone's personal ambience and so eerily close to the neutral street. I smelled it: strange foods: furniture brought to redolence by the damp. She took my elbow from behind, hand encrusted with dangerous rings; a slap meant 15 stitches. "Your fortune, yes? Yes." She held another child: Rather, it stood muscular on her elbow, some climber in a tree's crook. Rain made deep pocks on the sheet wet pavement. The child below was trained, a shill. I understood the shape of my calf from his tough hands. She led me inside. I walked, a baboon parent, kid on my leg.

She sat me defenseless. I'm short: I've ridden comfortably over the wheel of life. The pillow chair disappeared, disappeared under me. Knee caps rose above my head.

"Two dollars. Know the future. Know the past." I removed my wallet. She took it.

"Hey, don't—"

"I blow on your money. Brings good luck."

"No thanks—"

A man parted curtains at the room's end. I saw an unmade bed. He was half shaved. Straight razor made an obtuse angle over one hand. He smiled at me.

"She blows good on your money." He sat: one foot against the door. "Luck. One dollar. Hunnert dollar." Blow: Hell, she played my wallet like a harmonica. The nude child piggy-backed me suddenly, pulled my vision upward by the neck. The man laughed. He picked up a pack of cigarettes with his feet. Shook a cigarette out, put it in his mouth, toes casual as thumb and forefinger. "Good, huh? My arms broke sometime. I got special feet now." The woman returned my wallet. She held two dollars.

"Don't look in. Magic goes. You got credit cards? I blow on your credit cards. American Express makes very good luck."

"No cards." The man shrugged.

"You go now."

"My fortune?" She smiled.

"You leave safe. Yes." The man nodded. I went.

THEY'RE all over the city: living rooms that domesticate the street. All over all cities. All women. The fortune-telling aptitude is perhaps hysterical: that's to say, womb-inspired. And they look consistently like the horrid mechanical Penny Arcade torsos, Mother Constella, or Aunt Olga, who, for a penny once, a nickel once, two bits now, flex broken plaster fingers and a metal bar that hyperventilates the bosom: producing dumb gender-crazy cards for me: "You will marry a tall dark gentleman." I visited half a dozen living rooms. I suspect my Red Hook adventure was atypical. These are bureaucrats of the unknown.

Sister Kae's home is deep: an ex-grocery store. Four empty chairs sit out front; old *Life* magazines on an end table. The waiting room of a failed dentist. There is Babbitry about the place. The sign states: "Spiritual Adviser. Est. 25 Years. Guaranteed to solve Problems. For Prompt Action Call ST 4-7181." She is fat and badly bloused, blowzy. I think she sticks on false moles and false hairy wens: The supernaturally accurate are super ugly. The children watch: in pajamas at noon. Her husband stomps through the mystery with a six pack of beer: no special feet. I'd love to see their joint return. Sister Kae is businesslike, bored. No paraphernalia of magic: Nothing hyperventilates her bosom.

"Five dollars for the palm. Five for the cards." The spiritual is inflated. I cross her palm: She opens mine. Sister Kae has the gall to read there: "Yes. You will have money. Yes. But you spend it foolishly." I nod: goddam perceptive.

SHE TAKES out the cards: a $2.95 commercial Tarot deck. Would you believe, instructions are written on each card. After being Est. 25 years, Sister Kae still needs a crib sheet. She begins her cross-examination: I should tell my own fortune. "Bad luck," she says. I nod. "You've had more than your share of bad luck." No. More than my share of good luck. She reads the instructions again. "Wife," she says. I nod. "You are married." Right on. "Two children." I nod: The statistics are with her. "Either two boys or two girls." I wait. "Or one of each. Yes." Which? I ask. "Two . . ." I nod. "It could be girls." My left eyebrow goes up. "Boys," she says. Made it under the wire. "But you will have a third child. Either a girl or a boy." I frown. "Any questions?" I ask what kind of contraception the cards recommend. Sister Kae ignores the question. "Tell me your problems." I shrug. No problems.

The future is more available to her. "You will have a letter. It will bring great, good fortune. On the 15th or 16th." Of May? "On the 15th or 16th." Of July 1994? "The 15th or 16th. And someone will die. It will shock you." An acquaintance? "Yes. Otherwise how would you know he was dead?" Got me there. She senses skepticism. Sister Kae shows me a fan letter. "I told this woman her sister would die. She had terminal cancer." I read: sure enough, dead. "I also burn candles for people. What are your problems? Tell me your problems." No problems.

That's my problem. Fortune telling is not pertinent. Sister Kae, all the Sister Kaes, are a spiritual advisory. Ears. Mothers. The living room is a paid friend's living room. I ask Sister Kae

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how she got into this line of work. "I am a Gypsy. All gypsies have the gift." Nice: a racial stereotype that holds. Even if some blacks have two left feet. Even if only one of my five cats is graceful: The other four fall down a lot. Why do they come? She shrugs: She doesn't much care to be questioned. Then: "It's cheap psychiatry. I had a man here last night. He likes to wear women's clothing. His wife doesn't understand. It makes her mad. She is also the same size." What did Sister Kae tell him? "I say—do your thing. Be free. I tell him: In your past life you were a woman. He is happier. He understands then." How's business? "Up and down. It's the economy. Twenty-five years ago you got only foreign people. Now anyone comes. Specially kids. The younger generation . . ." She thinks. "In my day the younger generation used to be older." Wise enough.

Dial a gypsy. Their foyer is the city itself: and they thrive. To read a palm they must touch the hand. It's the confessional without authority, without penance. And momentarily you are a guest. There is household traffic: They aren't officed and remote. They serve, as they have served for a thousand years, the unshriven, the troubled. With great discretion and a kind of long, ethnic patience. □

DELECTATIONS

NIKA HAZELTON

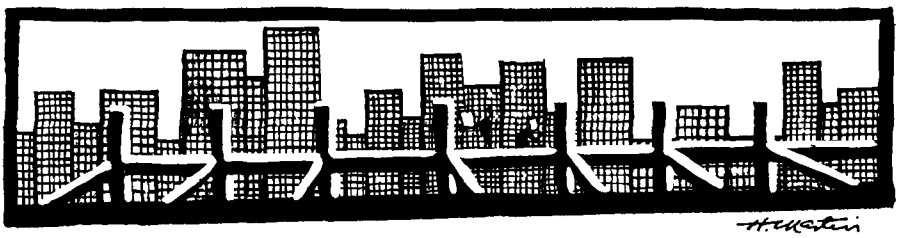
Plonk

I have before me a number of bulletins from wine merchants in New York and in other parts of the country, with their current offerings and prices. They remind me of the signs that you see at gas stations on the edge of the desert, telling you that this is positively your last chance et cetera. In the wine bulletins, panic prose exorts you to buy now, now, now, before prices go up again in July and by the end of the year—all because of increased European labor costs and the devaluation of the dollar. Oh, those wicked European workers and American moneymen, forcing up the astronomical wine prices even further!

All the more so since those same merchants have spent the best years of their lives (at least, many of them) promoting the notion that only French wines, notably Bordeaux, and chateau-bottled ones at that, are *kulturni* to serve, drink, and study. Now they have to retreat. I quote from the Sherry-Lehman catalogue: "If he [the cost-conscious wine consumer] insists on drinking wines below $5 the bottle, he simply will have to avoid the famed names of Bordeaux and Burgundy, such as Lafite-Rothschild. . . . This does not mean that he will not drink good wine, it simply means that he will have to seek out 'sleepers' or else less well-known appellations that meet with his taste demands. Trial and error, the fun of comparative tasting, will become more important than ever, and the more adventuresome should solve the problem in happy fashion."

Now more than ever, a reputable wine merchant is indispensable to any wine buyer. The Bordeaux people, recognizing that their wines are pearls above price today, have not been slow to latch on to the American demand. The lesser and least chateaux that have emerged are astounding; I imagine that in many cases a merchant has simply bought a building around his or his suppliers' vineyards and named it Chateau Je-ne-sais-quoi so that he can put the name on the bottles, legitimizing the baby so to speak. Then there are the regionals and the various appellations, all truly confusing. And over everything, like a heavy cloud, hang the realities and myths of good and bad vintage years—vintages being another matter promoted far too heavily by America's wine pundits.

Another moot point of Bordeaux wine-making is how much of the wine is really grown locally. On paper, French law is very strict in defining the various appellations, and the law is enforced to a surprising extent for the more important ones. But still, it is astonishing to see, as I have seen with my own eyes, Portuguese, Algerian, and South African wineships anchored in the Gironde, right by the famous vineyards. How truly speaks the merchant quoted previously when he says that comparative tasting will become more important than ever. This applies to all wines, even and especially the less expensive ones for daily informal drinking, called plonk in England.



In the catalogues, all plonk is spoken of glowingly, for understandable reasons, and rare is the merchant or his clerk who will dissuade you from buying this or that bottle. French plonk, being the most desirable, is especially moot, not only those mysterious chateaux called "Chateau Baby," or "Chateau Lafitte" (with the giveaway second t). Among the more reputable plonk, much simply is not yet ready to drink, even though today almost all wine is made to drink sooner rather than later. The trouble with far too many of these wines, with some exceptions about which more below, is that you can't be sure of the quality of the subsequent bottles you order because you like the first.

I offer here my own suggestions, which are, of course, by nature, limited. For family-type drinking, I avoid French wines. I also avoid German ones, because the good ones have always been expensive, and the numerous generics, such as Liebfraumilchs, Schwarze Katz, and such, generally too awful to contemplate even: thin and sour, or thin and overly sweet. I stick to Italian wines because I know them best, and specifically, to such brand names as Bardolino and the Verdicchio of the Cantine Aurora, a very dry wine from the northern shores of the Adriatic; to the various Soaves, Valpolicellas, and other Northern and Central Italian wines.

As for Spanish and Portuguese wines, the known brands are reasonably stable in quality, as are all southern-grown wines due to their stabler climates, though people will agree that many of them, such as the Portuguese Mateus wines, are priced far beyond their worth. New York State wines are good buys. But since they are not produced by *vinifera*, the species of genus *viti* from which come European and Cali-

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fornia wine, their flavor is different and you have to like it.

Which brings me back to California wine. My readers know that I like them very much. They are getting better and better, competing in some cases with their European cousins. But I am not talking here of the fine wines, which cost anything from $3.50 up, but of the stuff marketed in gallon and half-gallon jugs. Any European will tell you these vins ordinaires are far superior to most that come to his table. I think the Almaden Mountain Reds and Mountain Whites, and their Grenache Rosé, are excellent indeed for everyday quaffing, and for informal entertaining, especially in summer. Good buys are also the Mondavi gallons (I prefer the Chablis) and the coarser Gallo Hearty Burgundy and Paisano. My preferences do not exclude the virtues of the Christian Brothers, G&B, and other California gallon wines, all good buys and widely distributed.

As for buying jug wine, choose the half-gallons unless you can get through a whole gallon fairly quickly; wine deteriorates once opened (though it will last in the refrigerator for several days). And never buy in single bottles what comes in big jugs, because it is invariably overpriced. *En avant!* □

FOR NOW

C. H. SIMONDS

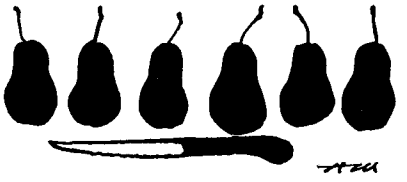
My Obsession

Every boy needs a hobby. So here I am at 6:30 A.M., wrestling 1,200 pounds of cast iron onto the tailgate of a rented truck. Ah—just so. Now trip the lever that lowers the tailgate—standing well to one side—and, *thwoop*, down it comes, slowly, almost majestically . . . Eight inches from the ground, when, even more majestically, the burden shudders, tips forward, crashes to the driveway.

Be around when I stub my toe or drop my fork, and you'll hear me blue the air. But this—this transcends: "Oh, gee," I manage. Here lies over half a ton of printing press, made (to last) in Cleveland, Ohio by the Chandler & Price Co. sometime around 1885. The curly-spoked flywheel has snapped off and rolled into a dark corner of the garage. No other damage apparent—but the thing is in the way: There are two more like it still to come off the truck, and there it lies on its back like a stranded tortoise.

A long hour juggling car jack, pry bar, and rollers, and it's on its feet, out of the way. My wife appears, swaddled in bathrobe: "Maybe if you face them the other way they won't be so tippy." "Nonsense, dear." Puzzle, scratch, figure. "Maybe if I face them the other way . . ." She's right, as usual. Two off in 15 minutes. *Damn!*

I only wanted one, but they were



free, see. The guy wasn't using them, hadn't in years. Printers no longer do what Gutenberg and Ben Franklin did, inking little raised letters then pressing paper against them. Now it's all done with cameras, chemicals, aluminum, and mirrors. Nasty. But the new technology means type, presses, and such are easily come by, if one can beat out the scrap dealers.

A few of us turn up at every auction and bankruptcy sale. "What you want *that* junk for?" the real printers gape. "Oh, just to play with." At one auction, an r.p. watched amazed as funny-looking people bid small fortunes for wooden type. "Jeez, I didn't know that was worth anything—I got tons of it upstairs." I clung to him like his Siamese twin, and wound up bearing it all away—glorious circus-poster letters up to a foot high. Wood type has no scrap value, but one must compete for it with the Artists, who make it into collages and coffee-tables, and who should be flayed alive.

Most type is metal, 50 per cent lead which means it's always in danger of being turned into car batteries. Something like five thousand different designs have come and gone in the past couple of centuries; some hobbyists puristically confine themselves to one or two, with which they essay chaste, Bruce Rogers-ish typography. Others, including me, are glad to take anything home, if only to save it from the melting pot.

Why? To print things with, obviously. Whatever we feel like—notepaper, bridge tallies, cunning keepsakes, Aunt Maude's poetry. It's fun to create, everybody knows; even more fun when the medium imposes limitations—as when recalcitrant metal rectangles must be turned into something fluid, a printed page on which light (paper) shines through darkness (ink), inviting the eye.

The skills are easily learned—I teach them to eighth- and ninth-graders, who master the essentials in a few weeks—but infinitely perfectible: One can fuss endlessly with spacing, arrangement, density of ink, evenness of impression; never getting it all *exactly* right, but rejoicing in the effort.

Another appeal: Preservation of an ancient craft that's been all but lost in the commercial rush. Nobody but hobbyists sets type by hand anymore, carefully regulating the spacing between words and even between letters so that it appears even. Modern printing processes put ink *on* paper; the old way impresses it *into* paper, adding an elusive third dimension. It adds up, our kind of printing, to a bundle of nuances controllable by the hand; in short, it's a craft that can veer, on a good day, over into art.

And there's the acquisitive dimension. When I encountered printing, in the seventh grade, I came upon the 1923 *Specimen Book and Catalogue* of the American Type Founders Company—a thousand-plus pages of type, ornaments, borders, machinery, equipment. I wanted it all; I suppose I still do. ATF is moribund now, a withered limb of White Truck; but those goodies from the heyday of old-fashioned printing are still around, waiting to be found in basements, lofts, and attics, with plenty of wear left in them. The press I have now—one of the freebies off the truck—is good enough, but what I wouldn't give for a Golding Art Jobber which, the old-timers say, distributes ink better than any machine made; or for one of the presses Samuel Colt used to make when he wasn't making firearms (a friend has Number 291, still turning out beautiful work). The Whitlock newspaper press I learned to run working on a weekly in Michigan got broken up for scrap, but there must be another somewhere; if I had a monster like that, I could print something with my foot-high type.

"There's no end to it," my wife sometimes sighs (when we married, I was still collecting stamps). Indeed, indeed. □

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BOOKS

Closet Christian

PATRICIA S. COYNE

People Will Always Be Kind
By Wilfrid Sheed
Farrar, 374 pp., $7.95

"Everyone likes a cynic to write a book so that he can make the same mistakes the serious people have been making." —Wilfrid Sheed, *Commonweal*, Oct. 17, 1969

Wilfrid Sheed's critical essays are among the finest being written. His point of view, which might be described as Olympian-earthy, is mellowed by a sharp wit and a keen sense of the ridiculous. His prose is uniquely readable and refreshing, and he is able to resist the pull of current enthusiasms and to trust in his own good sense and impeccable taste.

Sheed, in short, writes like a man with a value system. The irony and detachment of his judgments promise the reader that those judgments rest on solid ground, and as an essayist he need do no more than promise. His job as critic is to show how art succeeds or fails in measuring up, and if the job is professional and entertaining, then he can leave his reader to intuit what those standards are that the work is judged against. But for a novelist, the rules are altogether different.

People Will Always Be Kind is a highly professional and entertaining novel, but not a very good one. The dessert is there, the fluff, in the form of witty, well-turned sentences. ("New York was like a huge retarded family with a history of syphilis." A group of clergymen respond to an after-dinner speech by "beating their shiny pink palms till the sweat ran. And the devil take it if their napkins fell on the floor." "To Catholic girls, everyone is stuck on themselves except little St. Francis of the Elves.") But there is no meat, no substance. The novel lacks a core.

It comes in two parts. In the first, Brian Casey, an Irish-Catholic teenager, is crippled by polio. After cures and pseudo-cures fail, Casey comes to grips with the fact that he will never walk again without braces. In the second part, narrated by a radical young speechwriter, Casey reappears as a middle-aged senator who makes an unsuccessful bid for the Presidency. The drama is not in the race, however, but in the peeling away, layer by layer, of the characteristics and attitudes assumed by Casey in his struggle for power. But in the end, when the last layer is finally peeled away, what we know about him is that we don't know anything about him.

This is not to deny that there are first-rate novelistic elements here. Everyone likes to read about political campaigns, especially when we recall that in the not too distant past the author wrote speeches for Gene McCarthy. And everyone who appreciates Sheed's critical detachment will be interested to see how he brings that detachment to bear on American politics.

Unfortunately, in the end, we have to conclude that Sheed has written either an intellectually limited or a dishonest novel. He deals with various levels of irony, but he stops short of exploring the question of the reality beyond the ironies. He sees beyond politics and then sees beyond seeing beyond politics and then sees beyond, etc. There's no firm ground. Nor does Sheed come to grips with the possibility that there is none, and that is cheating. If life is ironic, then the fact of its ultimate irony calls for a deeper and more emotionally involving response than merely more irony.

IF THE flickering shadow on the wall of the cave is all there is, let's hear about it, and if we can never know whether that shadow reflects something else, let's hear about that too.

If Sheed has a glimpse of what it is out there that's causing the reflection—and the sureness of his critical judgments suggests that he does—then we want to know. But Sheed-the-novelist does not bring Sheed-the-critic's value system to bear. Rather, he just sets his characters to dancing among possible views of life and he judges only the caliber of the dancing. He does not even render judgment about the fact that his characters are dancing, which would at least be a step toward coming to grips with the positions they are dancing around. He judges instead the quality of the steps. He amuses himself with the awkward jerk that is out of cadence, or with the shuffle that went awry. And that's all.

This sort of limitation is acceptable in an essay. But in a novel you must be willing to give yourself away. As readers we have the right to grasp the novelist by the lapel, breathe our stale breath into his face, look deeply into his eyes, and ask, "What do you *really* believe?" And if the novelist recoils and snaps, "None of your damned business," then he'll never be a good novelist: He relinquishes the right to keep his beliefs private when he turns to fiction.

Perhaps part of the problem here is that Sheed is not really a cynic. He is a practicing Christian, and his view of

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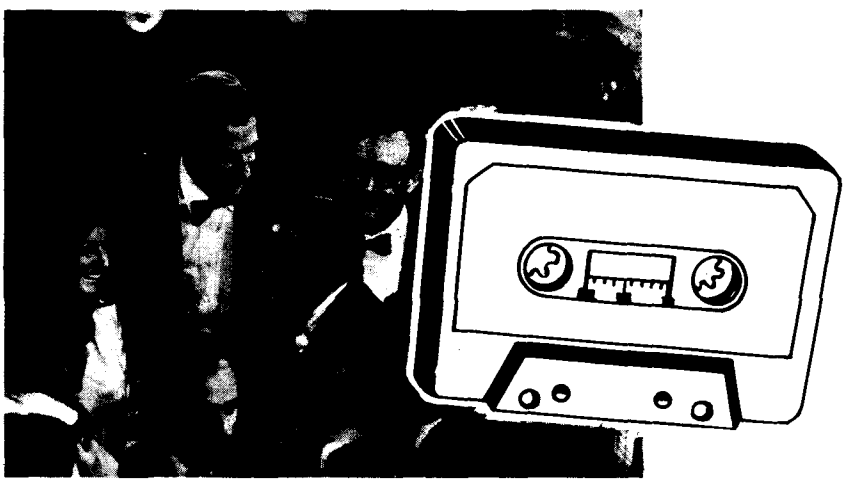

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reality is necessarily grounded in Christianity. But involved Christians are not really in style these days in American literary circles. Still, there may be hope. Homosexuals are swarming out of the closet now, followed by group-sex aficionados, transvestites, and even an occasional lycanthrope, and all are being celebrated in contemporary fiction. Perhaps, just perhaps, the art world could accommodate, could even possibly benefit from an occasional practicing Christian tiptoeing out in the wake of the others, quietly professing his faith and letting us know how it affects his view of man. In Sheed's case, the move would be good for his soul as well as for his novels. The only other alternative is to continue writing good essays and bad fiction. I can't imagine why he'd find it attractive. □

The Digger's Game
By George V. Higgins
Knopf, 214 pp., $5.95

DIGGING THE DIGGER

JOHN R. COYNE JR.

George V. Higgins has arrived. Critics boosted his first novel, *The Friends of Eddie Coyle*, into a National Book Awards nomination. And the enthusiasm for this one is even more intense. Everyone likes it. My wife likes it, the book-review editor of *NR* likes it, and even the *New York Times*' Christopher Lehmann-Haupt likes it, yodeling the *Digger's* praises in one of those plummy, repetitious reviews that sounds as if it's just been translated from the Bavarian. And let me hasten to add that I like it too . . . with reservations.

Higgins, an Assistant U.S. Attorney for Massachusetts, writes about his punks and grafters in a way that no one has approached since Damon Runyon. The Digger is Jerry Doherty, small-time crook and owner of a Boston workingman's tavern, who gets sucked into a gambling junket to Las Vegas, where he drops $18,000 he doesn't have. The Greek, collector for The Regent's Sportsmen's Club, holds the markers. The Digger has to pay up, with interest, or else, and the plot centers around his attempts to raise the money.

It's a good plot, with an up-in-the-air but satisfying ending, unwinding almost entirely in dialogue, which keeps the action moving, or in monologues that fill us in on background and explain motivation. " 'Now you look at that,' the Digger said. . . . 'I worked like a bastard. I produced. My brother, he's

just as big as me, he's got to eat a lot, you got to eat a lot, you weigh two-ninety. . . . I eat at home, what the wife cooks. He's throwing down the lobsters at the Red Coach. . . . He's got the place down to Onset, his cottage, it's got eight or nine rooms, a couple of baths up and one down, it's a cottage. I got three boys and a girl and I practically got to hock the Social Security to get half a bath in the, where the pantry was, I got a house. . . . Now what I want to know is this, how come them guys? How come them guys and not me.' "

That's as good an example as any, and this sort of talk is the novel's great strength. But it's also its weakness. When complicated antecedent events such as the Digger's spree in Las Vegas have to be explained, Higgins forces the Digger to use up a whole chapter describing it to the Greek in an extended monologue, with the Greek interjecting artificial comments just for the sake of breaking up the rush of talk for a moment.

Also the talk is not sufficiently varied. A Boston Greek, a Boston Italian, and even a Boston German all sound precisely like the Digger—the same inflections, the same pauses, even the same profanities. And finally, there's the problem of characterization through dialogue. If your characters reveal themselves only through dialogue, then everything must be externalized if it is to be registered at all. But few of us—even the grubbiest of us—are exactly like the face we show to the world, and it is often the difference between this face and the way our minds really work that defines us as people. And it is this essential difference that a straight dialogue novel can't cope with.

But enough. I have reservations about technique, but also believe Mr. Higgins has produced a first-rate crime novel. He has set out to tell us what the daily lives of small-time hoods are like when they aren't committing crimes, and he provides a welcome antidote to such overdone novels as *The Godfather* by stripping those lives bare of romantic pretense. The chapter in which the Digger and his wife squabble about shoes, booze, food, cars, sex, and spending money is itself worth the price of the book.

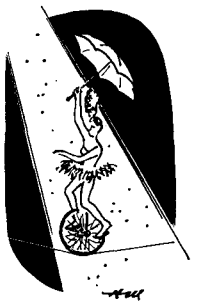
The Digger is a splendidly sleazy character who deserves further development, and I hope that after he serves his next stretch Mr. Higgins will bring him back for an encore □

Sleeping Beauty
By Ross Macdonald
Knopf, 271 pp., $5.95

THE CISCO KID

CHARLES NICOL

California is land's end, the false promise of gold at the end of the West where the escaping traveler is stopped by the sea and has to face himself, the far side of the dollar, the splendid corrupt paradise that may fall into the ocean. Here Lew Archer, Macdonald's



classic and perennial private eye stands brooding at America's perimeter, invoking the earthquake.

Ross Macdonald writes true fictions in the mold of mystery stories; like a torch passed by relay runners, the tough-sentimental detective has gone from Hammett to Chandler to Macdonald, his flame intact. Lew Archer's last name may remind us of Robin Hood, operating outside the law to right wrongs, for Robin Hood does lurk somewhere behind these heroes. But as the TV used to say, the Robin Hood of the Old West was the Cisco Kid. In the New West Robin Hood still works out of 'Cisco—or did in Hammett, Chandler, and early Macdonald (Macdonald was born there). Now Lew Archer has moved down the coast to Los Angeles, and works more and more inside the law. "I tried to move like a neutral in the no man's land between

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the lawless and the law. But when the shooting started I generally knew which side I belonged on." Even this disclaimer seems outdated: Nobody has threatened to take away Archer's license lately.

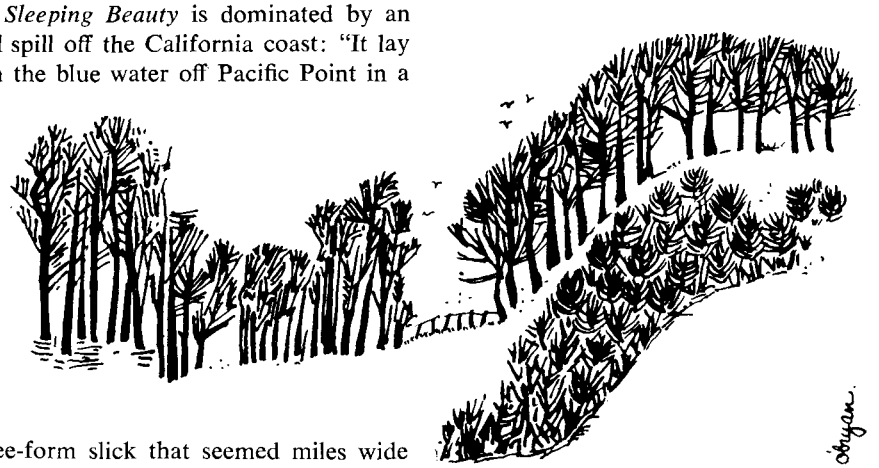
There have been other changes as well. We rarely see a gangster these days; the novels have turned into domestic dramas. Far too often these dramas have turned on establishing the real identity of one's parents; it began to look as if Archer was running an orphans' bureau on the side. That particular plot line has been happily avoided this time.

ARCHER usually has to correct a present evil whose roots lie far in the past, the clues locked in the minds of young people. The evils of the fathers are visited upon their sons, and the children—themselves now grown into attractive but neurotic adults—try to break free from the ancient webs of their arachnoid parents. The greatest evil for Macdonald is to warp the lives of children (as the death of children was the greatest evil for Camus). Macdonald's families aren't nuclear, but explosive. Greed is still prominent but psychosis dominates.

Sleeping Beauty is dominated by an oil spill off the California coast: "It lay on the blue water off Pacific Point in a free-form slick that seemed miles wide and many miles long. An offshore oil platform stood up out of its windward end like the metal handle of a dagger that had stabbed the world and made it spill black blood." This man-made disaster spreads over the book as it spreads over the sea: The oil-rich family that caused this eruption from the water is caught up in its personal disasters as well, while the bodies of murder victims are fished out of the mess like dead birds. A gasoline spill on a destroyer during World War II, another central incident, nicely echoes the theme.

California's uneasy truce with nature is often broken by despoiling mankind, and nature becomes a destroyer. In Macdonald's previous *The Underground Man*, a spreading brushfire on the outskirts of Los Angeles served the same purpose and brought the same sense of a Damoclean sword hanging over California.

The writing depends mainly on clean sentences in the nearer reaches of the Hammett/Hemingway style; the last one in the novel reads: "I picked up the phone and started to make the necessary calls." Macdonald also writes with ominous, sharp comparisons; turning onto the freeway, Archer notes that "an unbroken stream of headlights poured toward us from Los Angeles, as if the city was leaking light through a hole in its side." But the book is mostly dialogue, as Archer finds clues in difficult interviews, sometimes pressing people until they reveal something useful, sometimes not finding the right button to press and leaving a futile confrontation.



Ultimately the question of whether *Sleeping Beauty* stands beyond the mere detective story can be answered only by applying the only valid test of literature I know: rereading. After knowing the ending, after separating the guilty from the innocent and the confused, after following the plot for the first time for suspense and taking the bait from its little traps, I turned to the beginning and started over. It was a different book then, with new overtones to the conversations once one knew what they were concealing. But it was still a good book, and characterization was better than before. Its logic was impeccable—the logic of a novel, not a whodunit—and its language held its own. The Cisco Kid rides again. □

The **Coynes** *live and write in Annapolis. . . .* **Charles Nicol** *lives in Brazil, Indiana and is a regular reviewer for the* Washington Star-News. . . . **Edward Luttwak** *is a freelance writer living in Washington. . . .* **Ronald De Feo, Donald Crinklaw,** *and* **Alexander Theroux** *are frequent contributors of fiction reviews to* NR *and other journals.*

Great Jones Street
By Don De Lillo
Houghton Mifflin, 265 pp., $5.95

Year Out
By Ross Feld
Knopf, 267 pp., $6.95

Mindfogger
By Michael Rogers
Knopf, 199 pp., $5.95

THE BORED AND THE BORING

EDWARD LUTTWAK

The novel of experience was once the novel of sensibility: From Jane Austen to Henry James and beyond, the novelist depicted the social intercourse between the protagonists, and the impact of society upon them. Intercourse of another sort has become a dominant theme in the modern novel of experience but this kind of modern novel is no longer concerned with sensibility. Rather, it is concerned with alienation. Between its protagonists, and with society at large, there is no fine web of subtle interactions; there is only the vacuum of irrelation.

Non-communication is obviously a subject of limited usefulness for the novelist, whose raison d'etre is communication of one sort or another. But the stream of consciousness of the protagonists will do very well as a substitute for other forms of sensibility *if*—and only if—the heroes of the story are themselves interesting. Thus Mr. Bellow's *Herzog* makes worthwhile reading because Herzog himself, an emotionally battered middle-aged intellectual, has thoughts that are very interesting indeed. But it is obvious that the thoughts of the unthoughtful can only be trivial and thus boring, as bor-

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ing as the usual hybrid youth-alienation novel of which these three novels are examples.

It would be unfair to put the three writers on the same footing. Mr. Rogers is a 22-year-old who writes exactly as well as a 22-year-old should, while Mr. De Lillo has written three novels and has demonstrated considerable craftsmanship. Much the best of the three is Mr. Feld.

It would be unkind to misdirect Mr. Rogers into a career as a novelist: Fiction is a poorly remunerated field and Mr. Rogers would be wise to seek a career in sales or perhaps advertising. Feld and De Lillo have talent but they both write about mindless youngsters who have lived little and thought even less; it would take more than the common run of college-educated talent to make their protagonists or their books anything but dull.

In a novel of adventure, the writer can make even dull characters interesting by virtue of the situations they inhabit. (Really good novels of adventure have both interesting protagonists and interesting deeds, of course, and that is why even an adolescent's book like Kipling's *Kim* makes such thumping good reading.) Unfortunately, today's "youth" novels are not adventure stories.

MR. DE LILLO'S hero is a freaked-out pop-singer who retires to a dingy room; the novel depicts his dingy thoughts, his non-communication with sundry characters (at least one of whom is amusing) and his memories of life on the pop-music road. Young Mr. Rogers' hero, who never quite comes alive even in the suspended animation which is all that is required with the alienated, is a freaked-out technician. He has invented a machine that can jam the thought-waves of all those within close range and the high point of the story is the installation of the "mindfogger" in a battery plant, where the hero has been given an assembly-line job and whose management is guilty of selling batteries to the military. It is, by the way, taken for granted by Mr. Rogers that his readers will approve of this fictive industrial sabotage; he obviously saw no need to make any sort of case for the action of his hero: If it is military, it *must* be sabotage-worthy. Mr. Feld's characters are freaked-out too but not quite to the same extent as Mr. De Lillo's: They actually *talk* to one another; they live, love, and talk in the intermezzo of the immediate post-graduation period.

Once the recondite anxiety of the more imaginative among the well-fed, alienation has become a mass malady as common as the common cold. Once it was the mark of the thoughtful and much-lived, or of the religiously inspired, but now it seems that men move directly from infancy to alienation.

There is no doubt that the large-scale units of production, consumption, and residence of modern society are to blame, if blame applies. By their unprecedented efficiency they have relieved the grinding pressure of brutish poverty from the masses, thus allowing the *basic* problem of all humans, self-identification, to rise to the surface, just as cancer could only emerge when more visible diseases stopped killing people at an early age. Alcibiades was undoubtedly alienated and Charlemagne's mother almost certainly died of cancer. Neither is a "modern" ailment, each was "submerged" in the past.

The mass agencies of modern society have also made a positive contribution to the spread of alienation by their unprecedented destruction of the small-group solidarities of the family, village, and workshop that used to alleviate the condition. The modern large-scale units that have replaced them are apparently too big to allow for the spontaneous formation of those human bonds that can assuage this most basic of human predicaments. Being only vaguely associated with very large groups, lacking religious faith, Western man is alienated, a condition not shared by those who are still preoccupied with their daily bread, as in Calcutta or Moscow (read potatoes, just now).

All this makes the novel of alienation a legitimate enterprise for the modern novelist, and from Joyce to Bellow the field has been well-tilled. Unfortunately, Messers. De Lillo and Feld have strayed into a field that ought to be off-limits to novelists whose characters lack the special qualities that make a Bloom, Zeno, or Herzog interesting to all of us. □

Queen of a Distant Country
By John Braine
Coward, McCann, 252 pp., $6.95

VOICE FROM A DISTANT COUNTRY

RONALD DE FEO

John Braine's latest novel has all the virtues of a typical John Braine novel—it is quite readable, it focuses on recognizable human beings, its prose is lucid and generally unpretentious. It is, in short, a craftsmanlike work as well as a sincere and human one. Curiously enough, however, the novel fails to impress the reader. It's the sort of book he can take or leave, for he feels that he has read it all before, long ago.

In a way, Braine reworks a few of the plot elements of his very successful first novel, *Room at the Top*. The narrator, a young man from a working-class background, this time wants to climb the literary ladder rather than the social one (he is, by the way, a much less calculating type than Joe Lampton of *Room*). As in *Room*, he forms an attachment with an older woman, but this time the relationship remains platonic. The woman, Miranda, a formerly important writer, adopts him as her protégé and hopes to guide him to literary success. Again as in *Room*, the young man temporarily forgets the woman to pursue a young, attractive girl, but this time the girl is lower-class, and the narrator is motivated by lust rather than by greed. Miranda and the narrator eventually part, and he goes on to become a professional writer. Later in life, he attempts to return to her, but he cannot bridge the emotional gap that now separates them.

THE READER experiences déjà vu not only because the book is vaguely reminiscent of Braine's early novel, but also because the voice and the concerns of the narrator seem somewhat dated, lack urgency and originality. *Room at the Top* and books by Sillitoe, Wain, Amis, and Storey popularized, in the Fifties and early Sixties, the so-called "Angry Young Man," and for a while at least the reading public, the British reading public especially, was taken by this struggling, class-conscious hero. But

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that fascination passed (perhaps the Angry Young Man suffered from overexposure), and the novelists were forced to explore new territory. For some of them, there was no new territory to explore, and they floundered. Braine hasn't floundered, but he hasn't been able to entirely free himself of the tough, limited, so-I-unbuttoned-her-blouse, Joe Lampton sensibility which, at this point in literature, seems like the product of another age. When Braine does attempt to deal with supposedly sophisticated characters, like the wealthy country couple in *The View from Tower Hill* and the writer in this new novel, he seems capable of concentrating with intensity only on their sex lives. One would not object to the sex if it were presented with some inventiveness, but it comes across as mechanically as the sex in your standard best-seller, and it is just about as significant.

In his recent books, Braine hasn't had very much to say. This was the case with *Tower Hill* and *The Crying Game*, and it's also the case with *Queen of a Distant Country*. Aside from its lack of complexity and resonance, and its annoying obligatory sex scenes, the new novel is not quite convincing. I couldn't believe, for example, that the narrator would be so shocked by the worldly Miranda having sex with another man, nor could I really accept Miranda as a writer (true, she gives her protégé various practical pointers about writing, but she doesn't strike one as a great talent). Braine's performance is a little too casual. One longs for the tightness and intensity that were the hallmarks of his best book, *The Jealous God*. While Braine's narrator is fairly engaging, we find it difficult to take him to heart. He is the muscular, frank, no-nonsense writer-hero of days gone by, who approches writing somewhat as a tough apprentice workman approaches a trade he is determined to master. He seems oddly out of place in today's literature. He is a character from the past, and as such he reflects Braine's chief problem as a writer. In this novel, and in many of his other works, John Braine has unfortunately retained a voice from a distant country. □

The Columbus Tree
By Peter S. Feibleman
Atheneum, 472 pp., $8.95

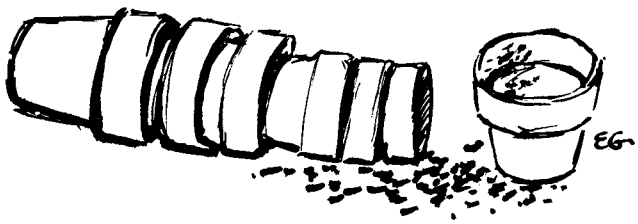
A GOOD NOVEL BURIED HERE

DON CRINKLAW

Most of Peter S. Feibleman's new novel is set in a tiny Spanish fishing village he calls Suelo, on the coast west of Gibraltar. The story begins when Suelo's centuries-long snooze in the sun comes to an end; progress, in the form of a posh resort hotel and a flood of American tourists, has managed to find it.

Other writers have explored the comic possibilities in the clash-of-cultures theme, but Feibleman doesn't see anything funny. Corruption, treachery, and death are his foreigners' principal gifts to the natives, and he has attempted to load this melodramatic story with all the depth and complexity of major fiction. The result is a long, loosely constructed, and fitfully interesting novel that somehow misses the cumulative effect the author was after.

His resort hotel contains a *Grand Hotel* cast of characters: a homosexual prostitute from New York, an empty-headed and overmuscled American



naval lieutenant and his embittered English wife, a Spanish aristocrat biding time in the hotel while his palace is being replastered, and three Americans who take turns carrying the greater part of the narrative.

The most interesting of these is Helen Locke, an attractive middle-aged lady who might be called a "society broker"; the hotel owner is boarding her free in return for a promise to gather her American and European society friends for a party that will establish the hotel's reputation. With her are her son Will, an adolescent whose problems with puberty are a problem for the reader too, and his brittle 22-year-old half-sister Littlejohn. After some shuffling around the characters' allegiances are formed, and Littlejohn becomes the mistress of the Spanish aristocrat, Count Guzman.

The Count's liberal sympathies are an irritation to the Franco regime, and a counterplot emerges as the police begin a series of complex machinations designed to bring him down. His American mistress attempts to rescue him, but her misreading of this peculiarly Spanish situation precipitates a crisis, and the bloody, hysterical finale.

This is Feibleman's irony: In the midst of all the malevolence and self-seeking, it is a well-intentioned misunderstanding that brings the house down. The story has been told before and we wouldn't mind hearing it again, but the American characters are so numbingly "ordinary" they can't handle the immense narrative load the author gives them. When the American lieutenant or Littlejohn or Will—especially Will—takes over, the book nearly drags to a stop.

The Spaniards fare better. The fat giggling sadistic captain of police, though drawn from stock, is fascinatingly repellent, and the hotel's chief maid, Eugenia, is an especially successful creation. Her job as provider of the guests' "special needs" starts innocently enough, but it eventually turns her into a procuress and middleman for drug pushers and abortionists. She endures her transformation with an unsettling Spanish stoicism. "That was the way the world went," she tells herself after the final uproar. "So there it is." And we want to see more of Count Guzman, the rebel aristocrat, since whatever it is that makes this shadowy man tick is at the heart of the drama. He makes decent sounds: "As a count, you are liable for those who are not." Other characters have different views. "He means well," one says of him. "But he's useless, and that's always lethal."

Somewhere in these nearly five hundred pages is a good novel, but the reader has to find it for himself amid the rambling prose and—even worse—the unintentional horselaughs. Too many of the dramatic moments are preceded by a "then it happened," and when it does happen the characters' insides either tighten up or slide around. And what can one do with such sentences as: "Sleeping on the hillside, the

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squeezed pieces of his livingness were so tight inside him it was like he could not breathe"?

Feibleman tries to make a central metaphor out of the Columbus tree, a massive tree that grows outside Guzman's palace: "The seed it had grown from came from other trees like it . . . and the seeds of those trees had been brought back from America by Christopher Columbus." It is the New World's gift to the Old, and it has this in common with the present Spanish-American mingling: "Its stench was awful . . . its center had been decaying for some time." Like the tired old narrative tricks the author uses in his attempt to keep his story going, it's a little too easy. □

The Distance and the Dark
By Terence de Vere White
Gambit, 277 pp., $6.95

MIGHT AS WELL BE CLEVELAND

ALEXANDER THEROUX

Ford Madox Ford's masterpiece, *The Good Soldier* (1915), not uncoincidentally links the loss of moral values in the personal lives of his characters—especially that of his protagonist, Edward Ashburnham—with the shabby and deceitful political period in Europe just preceding the German invasion of Belgium on August 4, 1914. The passionate duplicity in affairs of states merely recapitulated, it seemed, the just-as-sordid, if less significant, affairs being acted out in the cafés and bedrooms on any given street in the less consequential world where we lived.

The middle-aged protagonist in White's *The Distance and the Dark*, Everard Harvey, is a quondam "good soldier" whose particular crisis—hardly the tragedy the dustjacket insists it is—is pointedly assigned, in a tenuous enough way, to the present-day Irish troubles, namely Partition. The violence Without, you see, initiates violence Within—a transition in this indifferently written novel, swiftly and unconvincingly staged, which takes us from a gratuitous preface (possibly a false start?) of one-dimensional political intrigue, replete with gelignite, informers, and reprisals, to the real but unexceptional novel of "civilized" and quotidian adultery in County Meath.

Squirish Everard Harvey, affectionately called "Sir Galahad," is your Anglo-Irish aristocrat, handsome, civil, generous—sexually, in any case—to a fault. He owns a Stubbs. He's a decent old potato. But he has begun to see in the "troubles" complexities his more stiff-necked, caste-conditioned neighbors won't—and is ostracized. The bombing death of their infant son—not Harvey's anyway, it turns out—precipitates a crisis of marriage at posh Mount Harvey. Harvey's English wife, 26-year-old Sally, hectors her husband as the formal cause of that bombing and alternately fingers as the material cause the IRA, the FCA, and a pack of Irish hoodlums. Sally, however, is a 24-karat bitch, has for some time been fed up with her husband, and eventually decamps with a callow wimp named Percy Dalrymple, the embodiment of their Tory world of fat cobs, point-to-point gallops, and old manors where spilling claret is a tragedy and rude remarks rankle for a lifetime.

The Grevilles, longtime friends of Harvey, live nearby. Harvey, "too dependable, too reasonable, too different," suddenly loses his diffidence, undependably attempts to cuckold Charles Greville, and seeks to marry Aileen—not with reason but with passion. These "dangerous liaisons," however, ultimately sour and go nowhere and we come full circle, with only the "liberal" protagonist, Everard Harvey, sacrificed—at the hands of a mindless but oddly enigmatic thug named Gallagher. A chorus of supernumerary characters is brought on, à la Seneca, to explain whys and wherefores touching on that death, adding to it all a cute little surprise that becomes the final line.

THIS IS a conventional tale, legitimately Irish, made topical by sporadic references to Bernadette Devlin, Eamon de Valera, and recent incivilities in Belfast, but the connection between the political troubles and the moral turpitude of the ancien regime, the Harveys and the Grevilles, is mighty slim. The setting could just as easily have been downtown Cleveland or Dar es Salaam, although the tweedy 'n' horsey chat and the peculiar Cast of Villagers (which English, or Irish, writers manage so well) is sometimes fun. But a novel dealing with little more than feckless adulteries can set itself up anywhere and leave all else—credible plot, memorable writing, and genuine wisdom—to the distance and the dark. White began, I suspect, with the intention of writing a moral fable but left us instead with a matter-of-fact Irish soap opera. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE HUNTER'S MOON, *by Nathaniel Benchley (Little, Brown, 244 pp., $6.95).* The New England village of Pembroke is home for Nathaniel Benchley's crew of wax-museum, smalltown stereotypes, among them a pair of poachers who like a little rape on the side; a professional photographer whose pictorial preferences are polaroidally predictable; and a garbage man, who keeps track of his customers' liquor consumption, named Melvin Laird (obviously some satire intended here, but it's so obscure that the swill picker might as well be called Pierre Salinger). There's a sex murder, the villagers get themselves up in arms, and the hero, an unbelievable, wooden refugee who keeps muttering about parallels between Nazi Germany and Pembroke, gets himself shot. Moral? It probably runs something like this: LAW AND ORDER is often the battle cry of the least lawful and orderly among us. Maybe. But the trouble is the people of Pembroke are such creeps that we really don't give a damn whether they all shoot one another or not. In fact, after a couple of hundred pages, we're all secretly wishing that the *real* Melvin Laird had declared Pembroke an ICBM impact range.

J. R. COYNE JR.

THE DEADLY STROKE, *by Warren Tute (Coward, 221 pp., $6.95).* Summer 1940. A pivotal juncture for the flickering Allied war effort. All that remained between the collapse of France and a total debacle was the will of Winston Churchill. The toughness of that will was manifested in the formulation and execution of "Operation Catapult." A "deadly stroke" of naval destruction would be visited upon the French fleet by the Royal Navy unless the former was willing to submit her resources to the Allied cause. Churchill's ultimatum was coldly calculated: Britain could not risk the fourth largest seapower falling into the hands of the Axis. On July 3, in the wake of several agonizing attempts at negotiation, Admiral Sommerville's Force H smashed the French fleet harbored in Oran. Warren Tute's subtle style and restrained narrative skillfully complement this compulsive drama.

A. MILLER

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MURPHY

(Continued from page 634)

also escaped censure for the chaos she helped Lin Piao to organize in her husband's lust for destruction.

Chou's immediate problem in governing is to strike, if he can, a balance between the radicals whose natural leader Mao is and the more moderate Communist bureaucrats, whom Chou himself needs to run the government. But the balance remains elusive because no one in China seems to know where the weight of the army will eventually come down. Over much of China, the old party apparatus seems to have recaptured the lower local and district positions of authority. But as the eye travels up the ladder of command, the power sharing becomes more diffuse, with army commanders strong in certain regions, and the party apparatchiks in others. The lines of power wander; the balance is the shifting balance of a seesaw.

The continuing consequence of the Cultural Revolution is that it turned the army loose—and Chou can't coax the genie back into the bottle. His difficulty derives in no small degree from the fact that the senior military commanders are themselves, for the most part, senior officers in the party. But where before they were all subordinate to the civil authority now some—and most conspicuously the generals in command of the Military Regions of Shanghai and Manchuria—are all but sovereign authorities in their own vast territories. Mao has not hidden his bitterness over the army's ambiguous conduct in the Cultural Revolution and he would have conducted a wholesale purge of the high command, had he not been afraid that the army would fight back. In truth, the antagonism between the party and the military remains unappeased. It lies dormant beneath the surface calm that prevails in Peking. The controlling fact in Chinese politics is that the struggle for the succession to supreme power after Mao's death remains unsettled, and the army is plainly determined to have a say in that.

Mao has willed this situation. The "Five-Seven-One" paper contains an extraordinary indictment of him. What is even more extraordinary is that the Central Committee propagandists circulated this section of the paper through the party. The code name for Mao is "B-52"—a decidedly sinister allusion to the "carpet bomber," silent and invisible in the high empyrean, who rains sudden destruction on those below. Here are some excerpts:

"The days of B-52 are numbered. B-52 has consistently adopted the tactics of 'divide and rule.' He is very cunning and treacherous and very rarely leaves his residence.

"Nobody has been able to work with him from beginning to end. Today you are his guest of honor, but tomorrow you will be his prisoner.

"He is a suspicious and cruel maniac.

"The struggle in the party has come to typify his personal likes and grudges.

"[Mao] is the greatest dictator and tyrant in the history of China."

We Americans have been pretty much dependent for our understanding of the situation in China upon the judgment of Dr. Kissinger, who seems to be convinced that he understands the Asian Communist mentality. Last October, for example, on the eve of the premature announcement of the ceasefire in Vietnam, Kissinger confided to his friend James Reston of the *New York Times* that after he and Le Duc Tho had settled on the terms the two of them had "a long philosophic talk." The exchange of confidences between the Yogi from the Charles River Basin and the Commissar from the Red River Delta resulted in a pact rare for its innocence, at this stage of negotiations. According to Mr. Reston, "they agreed to defend"—presumably against the wild men in their respective societies—"the principles of their agreement and not allow technicalities to prevent the movement, not only to a ceasefire but to reconciliation and the reconstruction of Vietnam."

One can pray that Dr. Kissinger's private conversations with Mao and Chou, which appear to have been equally philosophical and even more heavily laden with ambiguities, produced a better horse-trade than did the one with Le Duc Tho. It may well be that Kissinger, whose inextinguishable twinkle gives a Mona Lisa cast to his circumforaneous quest for a Metternichean equipoise (to put forward a mild ambiguity of mine own), has overphilosophized the Peking factor in his strategy of triangulation.

Old China Hands, as differentiated from China-watchers, who are mostly political scientists, lean to a fairly direct explanation for the state of things in the Middle Kingdom of Mao, Chou and Chiang Ch'ing. Though the personages are all Communists. the situation in its fundamental circumstances fairly fits the classical Chinese dynastic situation: an aging ruler unwilling to settle on a successor because he remains loath to surrender power; an ambitious younger wife who is opposed to her husband's taking a lesser role because it would mean oblivion for her; and in Chou En-lai, the Grand Vizier, a clever, intelligent man of power who is determined to hold his own position. If we Americans have the wit to think of Chinese politics in terms of such a triangle, then we may safely thread our way through Henry Kissinger's still inscrutable "triangulation" strategy. □

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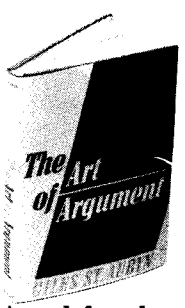

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(Lee is a *New York Daily News* rewrite man.)

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As It Might Have Gone

On The Right

New York, May 14—I wonder how it would have gone over? . . .

Ladies and gentlemen: The events surrounding the so-called Watergate case bring me once again to report to you directly.

Last August I told you that an investigation revealed that no one working on the White House staff was involved in any way in the Watergate case. At that time other rumors were floating about suggesting that the White House was also involved in discreditable tactics involving the Democratic primaries. On the basis of the disclaimers I made about Watergate, you were entitled to assume that I was also denying any White House participation in, or knowledge of, these other tactics.

Later in the fall, at the height of the campaign, my press secretary Mr. Ziegler angrily denounced the *Washington Post* for suggesting that there was in fact a tie-in between Watergate and senior members of my staff.

Shortly after my inauguration, a Senate committee began to look into Watergate and later in March, a grand jury turned again to the subject after receiving testimony from one of the convicted burglars. During that period my staff had been instructed not to give testimony, on the grounds that principles were at stake involving the separation of powers.

I AM REPORTING to you tonight to tell you that I have been consistently mistaken in my attitude toward this case.

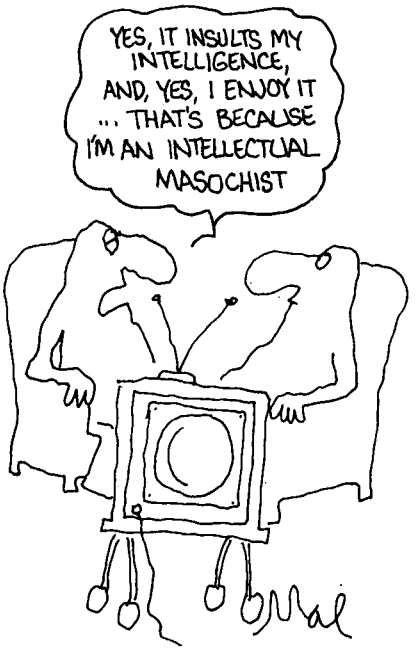
The Executive Department is, numerically, the major department of government. There are over two million people on the payroll. In the White House there are two thousand people. The Re-elect Committee had thousands of employees.

But the fact of the matter is that I accepted the office of President because I was willing to take the responsibility of being the top man in this massive organization. Now, as President, I depend on aides who in turn depend on aides. The line of responsibility extends from me to the civil servant hired yesterday to sweep the floors, and to the least volunteer in my political activities.

John Ehrlichman and Robert Haldeman have let me down. I say this with an overwhelming sense of sorrow, even as fathers are sometimes forced to say that their own sons have let them down. This is not the time or the place to tell you about their strengths and their virtues. It is an ugly but perhaps necessary part of the human story that at any given moment society concentrates exclusively on a man's transgressions. Under the circumstances I have no alternative than sadly to dismiss Mr. Ehrlichman and Mr. Haldeman.

But theirs alone is not the blame. I am not your President because I am naive. I should far sooner than I did have suspected a complicity between White House staff members and the initiators of the Watergate conspiracy and other practices. My own enthusiasm for my own election, my own contempt so frequently expressed in public and in private for the lawlessness of some of those who opposed Administration policy, both during my Administration and the previous Administration, unquestionably transformed zeal into lawlessness.

There were signs all about me that I should not have mistaken. Examining



my conscience I can see that I should have acted earlier, that I should have interpreted things I heard differently; that I was deeply wrong to attempt to discourage the elicitation of the truth.

I have however been elected President very recently and by a huge majority of the American people, and I will not trivialize that election, or disrupt the stability of the Constitution, or convulse this Administration by any heroic gesture of resignation.

But I have earned humiliation. If after the Senate committee is done investigating this sad, sordid affair, the majority members of the Senate vote to censure me for my role in it, I shall accept that censure with a heavy heart, but with full respect for the integrity of my judges. Thank you, and good night. □

ON REDUCING NIXON'S POWER

New York, May 18—Senator Fulbright has observed, one judges with considerable satisfaction, that whatever comes finally out of the Watergate investigations, one thing is certain, namely that the Executive will be less arrogant, less certain of its own powers, more closely in touch with the people. He gave as a specific example the matter of bombing Cambodia.

As a plain matter of fact, Senator Fulbright suggests the bombing of Cambodia is finished, notwithstanding that Elliot Richardson—who stopped in as Secretary of Defense on his way to Attorney General from Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare—has said that if the Congress won't vote Mr. Nixon the money necessary to bomb Cambodia, Mr. Nixon will find the money somewhere else. Mr. Richardson was not suggesting that the Re-elect Committee has a hidden fund for the purpose of bombing Cambodia. He meant that the sovereign responsibilities of the President as commander in chief clearly entitled him to draw from military funds for priority purposes. And here is the flaw in Senator Fulbright's analysis.

At this particular moment in history

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almost everyone along the political spectrum wishes that the Executive were less powerful. Conservatives have railed against centralized, non-responsible power for a generation. The liberals, having exulted over the growth in presidential power during the regimes of Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and John Kennedy, suddenly discovered that there was no constitutional guarantee that vast executive power would be exercised only by Presidents of their own choosing. That being so they suddenly reversed themselves on the subject, so that the declarations of William Fulbright in 1973 would strike the William Fulbright of 1961 as unthinkable.

BUT NOW the difficulty is that in reducing the powers of the President it is necessary to distinguish between those powers the office exercises almost as a matter of constitutional necessity, and those other powers he exercises primarily as a result of congressional sloth or irresponsibility.

I do not see how one can remove from a President the right to enforce by military means a treaty he has signed, of the character of the ceasefire treaty in Indochina. It is to render totally incredible a representative of the President, to send him to Paris to conclude a treaty while the enemy knows that the President will be restrained from enforcing the terms of the treaty. If a President is to act as commander in chief, the priorities of American military security must be drawn by him, subject obviously to the generic rights of Congress to declare war.

On other matters, concerning which Senator Fulbright is uneasily silent, the power of the President is preposterous. Why should the President have the right suddenly to declare what we shall be permitted to pay for a typewriter ribbon or to a typewriter ribbon salesman? Because Congress gave the President that power, and continues to give the President that power. Why should we need to rely on the President to balance the budget? Because Congress flatly declines to do so, so that we are left with the dilemma of a President who sits by while Congress debases the dollar or a President who arrogantly, and ingeniously, discovers ways of frustrating congressional extravagance.

Why is the Bureau of the Budget primarily an executive instrument? Is there anything to prevent Congress from establishing its own budget office, to guide it in its economic deliberations, give it useful information concerning drifts and crises?

The reason Senator Fulbright et al. are so unconvincing these days in their criticism of the Presidency is precisely that they do not move to reduce the functions and the authority of the President where such a reduction is truly sensible. The result is that for all that they couch their language in neat theoretical formulations, one has the feeling that they are all laboring to concoct a bill of attainder at the expense of Richard Nixon, and that if *per horribile* Senator Edward Kennedy were to find himself President of the United States, the same team would come up with exquisite justifications for the exercise of raw executive power.

It would be useful, at this juncture, for a handful of serious Republican legislators to study and report on desirable reductions in the responsibility of the Executive. Republican sponsorship, at the expense of a Republican Administration, would lend integrity to the reforms which are less suspect now in the swirl of events. After all, if the bombing in Cambodia is going to stop, it ought not to be because a nightwatchman last June 17 detected an irregularity at Watergate. □

A WIRETAPPING CODE

New York, May 22—The acting director of the FBI Mr. Ruckelshaus stepped forward to announce that a dozen or so telephones belonging to reporters and White House employees had been tapped during 1971.

We are up against the double standard. No one who has deplored the techniques used by the White House to detect misconduct has suggested what techniques should have been used. On the one hand Mr. Nixon was negligent in overseeing his staff—they say; on the other hand Nixon's White House was given to inexcusable interference in their privacy. What should Nixon have done under the concrete circumstances?

The concrete circumstances—remember—were that the White House had, starting in 1969, begun to leak like a sieve. The National Security Council meeting at which Henry Kissinger relayed the general inclinations of the President, publicized intimate Administration commitments, compulsions, and velleities, were all of them transcribed and published, with idiomatic fidelity, in the columns of Mr. Jack Anderson. For his pains, Mr. Anderson received great notoriety; American relations with India were set back for an unspecifiable period; and Mr. Anderson received a Pulitzer Prize.

I should think it normal, under such circumstances, for the President to call in the head of the FBI, and a few security specialists, in order to say to them: "Find the man."

It is the plot of a Solzhenitsyn novel that Stalin once expressed such a command to his own security people—instructing them to develop a technology for identifying a voice print, so that a conversation overheard on a public telephone could be tracked back to the speaker wherever, whoever, he was. Unlike Stalin, the President of the United States is expected to observe certain restraints. What restraints? And what license has he?

The telephone tap appears to have emerged, in the past two decades, as the democratic instrument in a technological age for fighting back. What do the critics of these taps mean to say, exactly? Suppose that there were ten people at the secret White House meeting on Bangladesh. Suppose that each of them had three assistants back in his office, and each had a clerical aide. Suppose that it were deduced that necessarily one of those fifty people had leaked the secret minutes. Would a court—on presentation of that deduction—authorize the tapping of *fifty* telephones? Or would the court say that fifty suspects were simply too many? How does a security office begin to maneuver in such circumstances?

The hideousness of the wiretap—a base resource, but useful, even indispensable, like the enema—lies in the conversations it picks up which are irrelevant to the licensed concerns of the eavesdropper. How to focus only on the Mafioso's designs on City Hall without passing along serendipitous reports on his romantic life or details of his tax strategy.

HERE ARE practical problems, not to be dismissed by categorical condemnations of wiretaps like categorical condemnations of napalm. What is needed is an equivalent of the bonded eavesdropper—the man who picks up the tap authorized by the Attorney General and the courts—without knowing whose voice he is listening to. His instructions should be to abstract from the tape only such information as relates to whatever it is that the Justice Department has been authorized to look into—in the case of the Bangladesh leak, the passing along of secret information. One might call what I have in mind a Clean Tap. Only by such protections can a government simultaneously look after the requirements of order and acknowledge the presumptive rights of individuals whose privacy is being rudely interrupted. It would be good to have the views of such absolutists as Mr. Tom Wicker on the subject. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Tubes that can cause difficulties — 47 61 12 101 106 198 115 145 214 14 23 34 52

B. He installs, operates, or repairs certain equipment — 26 6 71 149 163 171 176 178 201 206 193

C. Inborn, innate — 51 2 137 80 103 146 37

D. The process of spreading abroad or around as if from a center — 78 172 16 40 211 208 181 50 64

E. A standard for making a critical judgment — 116 174 184 152 30 202 212 56 87

F. A play by George Bernard Shaw — 191 88 153 136 53 196 129 133 204

G. This could be used for dog food — 173 31 187 140

H. This takes its toll — 209 203 160 82 186 89 4

I. Where 20% of the population can be found — 9 22 68 96 39 62 66 28 46 77

J. A creature that eats holes — 1 32 57 114

K. A canal or passage in a part or organ — 18 8 55 75 117 167 188 154

L. A card game — 94 213 58 110 175 189 19 5

M. A periodic variation in speed of a synchronous electrical machine from that of the true synchronous speed — 131 111 90 113 155 121 45

N. Mistaken — 139 190 216 59 92 125 156 180 25

O. A European thrush — 33 48 91 13 36 44 81

P. Increase in extent, volume, or scope — 144 20 49 63 67 83 207 135 150 162

Q. Unscramble PONTONS — 151 7 60 109 76 21 99

R. Designate — 165 157 122 69 127 41 10

S. A city near Genoa — 179 195 70 200 42 84 24

T. This is used as a fuel for internal-combustion engines — 205 85 166 215 72 158 11 132

U. To bark snappishly — 128 120 104

V. What taxing bodies make allowances for — 194 170 123 95 183 112 43 27 159

W. A regular first baseman during World War II with Phillies and Yankees — 197 134 217 210 126

X. The downfall of WORD J — 168 35 143 138 17 97 105 124

Y. A novel by Sinclair Lewis — 192 54 98 65 119 182 169 161 185 164

Z. What most laboring people are — 15 79 107 93 142 73 100 177

a. To be of unlike opinion — 38 141 29 130 102 148

b. What Philip Cunliffe-Lister was earl of — 86 199 147 74 108 118 3

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 648 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

■	1 J	2 C	3 b	4 H	■	5 L	6 B	7 Q	8 K	9 I	10 R	11 T	12 A	■	13 O	14 A	15 Z	16 D
■	17 X	18 K	19 L	20 P	■	21 Q	22 I	23 A	24 S	25 N	26 B	■	27 V	28 I	29 a	30 E	31 G	32 J
33 O	34 A	■	35 X	36 O	37 C	■	38 a	39 I	40 D	41 R	42 S	43 V	44 O	45 M	■	46 I	47 A	48 O
■	49 P	50 D	51 C	52 A	53 F	54 Y	55 K	56 E	57 J	58 L	59 N	60 Q	■	61 A	62 I	■	63 P	64 D
■	65 Y	66 I	67 P	■	68 I	69 R	70 S	71 B	72 T	73 Z	74 b	75 K	■	76 Q	77 I	78 D	79 Z	80 C
81 O	82 H	■	83 P	84 S	85 T	86 b	87 E	88 F	■	89 H	90 M	91 O	■	92 N	93 Z	94 L	95 V	96 I
97 X	98 Y	■	99 Q	100Z	101A	102a	103C	■	104U	105X	106A	107Z	108b	109Q	■	110L	111M	112V
■	113M	114J	115A	116E	■	117K	118b	■	119Y	120U	121M	122R	■	123V	124X	125N	126W	127R
128U	■	129F	130a	■	131M	132T	133F	134W	■	135P	136F	■	137C	138X	139N	■	140G	141a
142Z	143X	144P	145A	■	146C	147b	148a	■	149B	150P	151Q	152E	153F	154K	155M	156N	157R	158T
159V	160H	■	161Y	162P	■	163B	164Y	165R	■	166T	167K	168X	169Y	170V	171B	■	172D	■
173G	174E	175L	176B	177Z	■	178B	179S	180N	181D	182Y	183V	184E	■	185Y	186H	187G	■	188K
189L	190N	191F	■	192Y	193B	194V	■	195S	■	196F	197W	198A	■	199b	200S	201B	202E	203H
204F	205T	■	206B	207P	■	208D	209H	210W	■	211D	212E	213L	214A	215T	216N	217W	■	■

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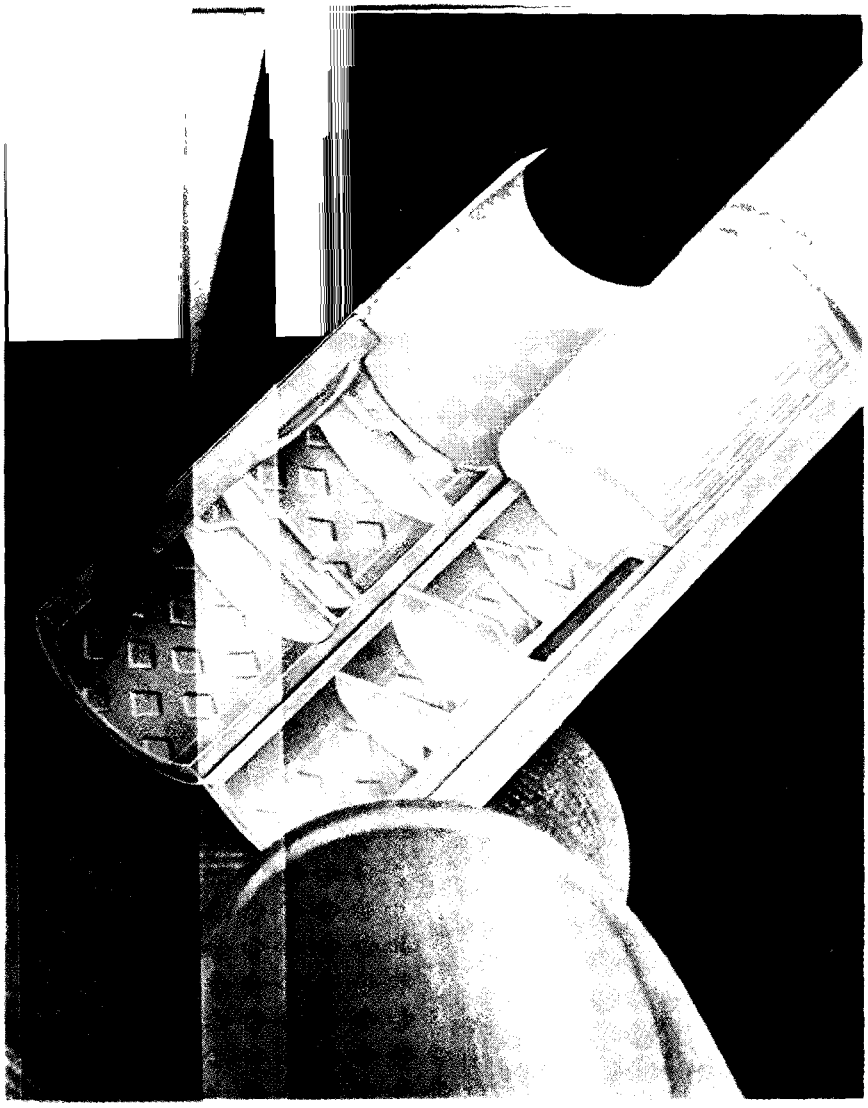

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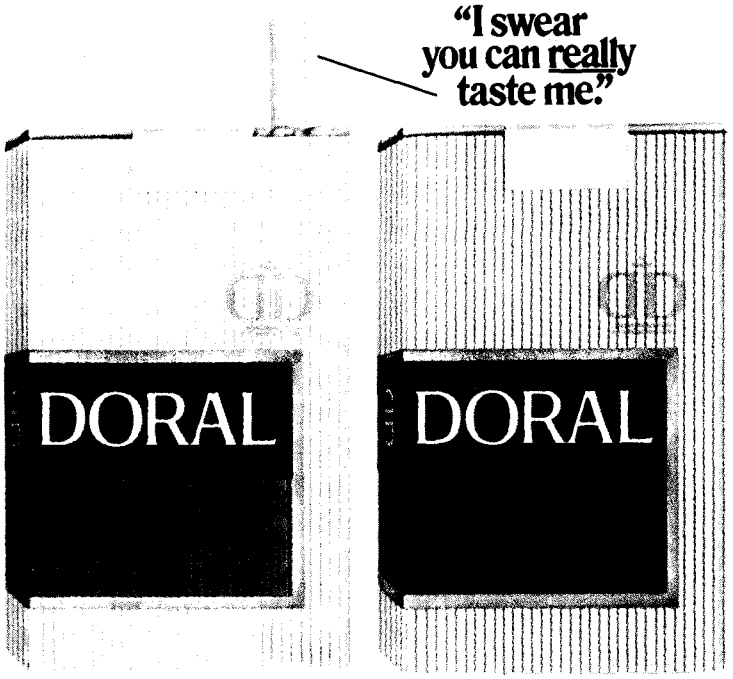

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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FILTER: 15 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 15 mg. "tar" 1.1 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report FEB. '73.

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